HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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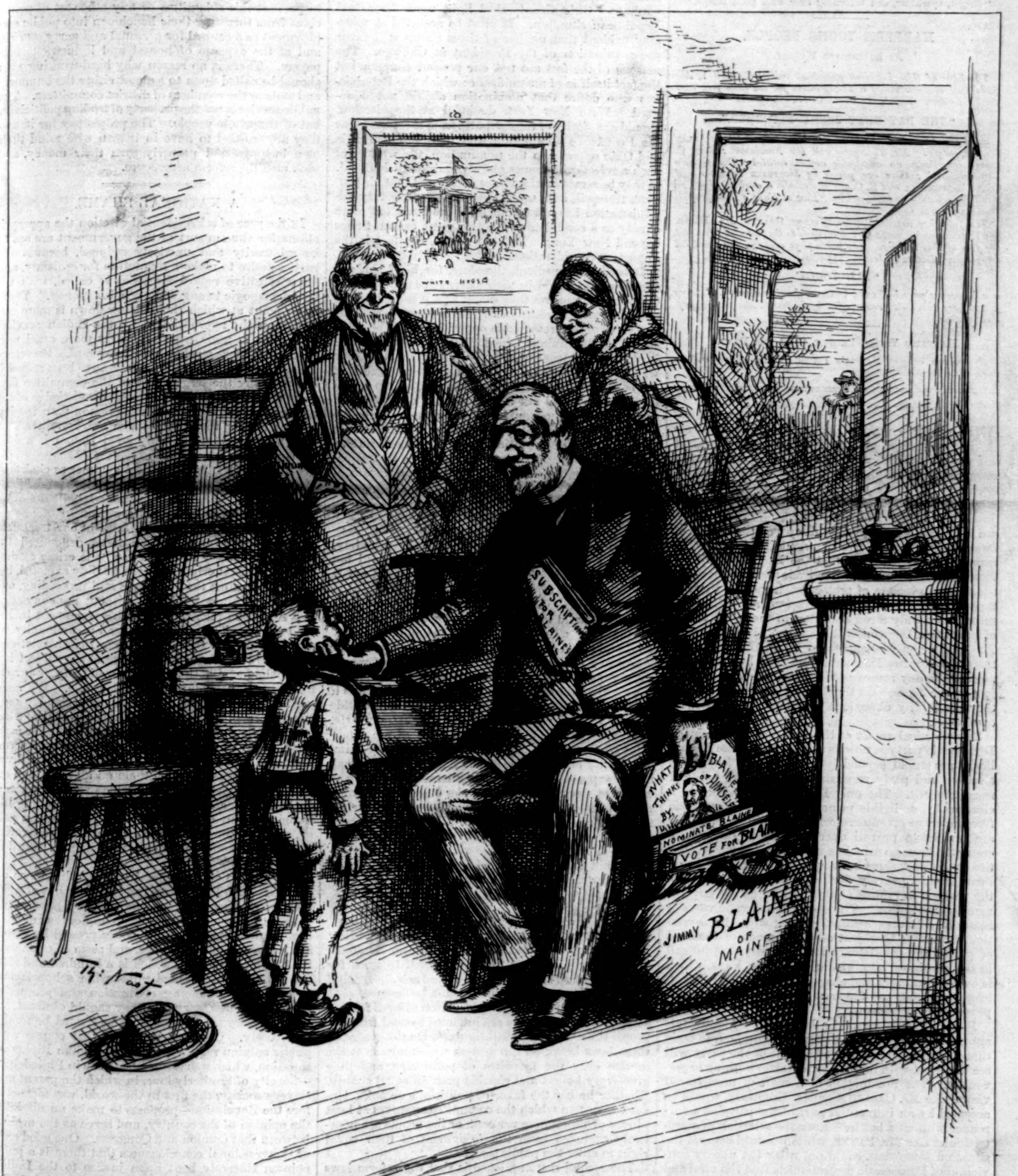

WHITE HOUSE
SUBSCRIPTION FOR BLAINE
WHAT BLAINE THINKS OF HIMSELF BY
NOMINATE BLAINE
VOTE FOR BLAI
JIMMY BLAIN OF MAINE
Th. Nast.

BLAINE CANVASSING.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
New York, Saturday, April 5, 1884.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO READERS OF HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine, Harper's Weekly, *and* Harper's Bazar *may be had for the years* 1880, 1881, 1882, *and* 1883. *Those wishing to complete their files will please send in their orders immediately. It is* Messrs. Harper & Brothers' *intention in future to keep the back numbers for three years only.*

"Bright, sparkling, and brimming over with good things."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,
An Illustrated Weekly.

The issue of this charming periodical published April 1, All-fools Day, contains many a hearty laugh for the little folk and for their elders. Mrs. Kate Upson Clark *contributes*

"THE DAY THAT JERRY REFORMED,"

a story for All-fools Day; there is a humorous sketch by Allan Forman, *entitled "Mr. Thompson and His Namesake";* Lucy C. Lillie *contributes an admirable article, entitled "The Queen's Grandchildren"; there are poems by* Josephine Pollard *and* Chara Broughton; *and* E. Clous *contributes a mechanical article that will keep the boys busy, entitled "How to Make a Photographic Camera for Ten Cents."*

The following artists, Messrs. Weldon, Graham, J. C. Beard, Sol Eytinge, *and* Palmer Cox, *contribute to the pictorial effect and the fun of this number. The ninth page contains two beautiful imaginative sketches by* Jessie Shepherd.

"ALL FOOLS"

is a humorous page by Frank Bellew, *showing a group of merry jesters busy with their pranks, offset by the lugubrious portraits of their victims.*

Harper's Young People, $1 50 per Year.

A specimen copy of Harper's Young People *will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp.*

THE DEMOCRATIC SCHISM.

The reluctance of the Democratic Representatives in Congress to go into a caucus upon the tariff bill was very significant. The bill of Mr. Morrison merely reduces certain rates of duty. It is not a distinctively free-trade measure, and it recognizes the principle of protection. But it has produced a rupture in the Democratic party which no caucus action can heal, and it has probably destroyed the chance of Democratic success in the Presidential election. The reason is evident. It is that the Morrison bill, although not a distinctively free-trade measure, nor hostile to the principle of protection, is yet the work of those who are known to be free-traders. The Morrison bill is only a red hood, but to the sensitive eye of protective Democrats it is the wolf that it covers. The gentlemen who succeeded in making Mr. Carlisle Speaker are Democrats, but they hold that Democracy to-day means nothing if not free trade, and just in the degree that they are believed to be honest they are fatally obnoxious to a large part of their own party.

The practical result of the situation in which the Democratic party is now involved, unless the Republicans are stupid beyond belief, will be defeat at the election, and party reconstruction or fresh political re-adjustment. The only Democrats who hold to a clear and intelligible principle are the Democratic free-traders or revenue reformers, and in the end they are certain to prevail over the motley Democratic crew who have no principle whatever, and whose politics consist in "shinning round" to find some Republican offense, gravely declaring that the mission of the party is to reform abuses and purge the government of corruption. The steady Democratic votes in State Legislatures against reform, with the revelations that have been just officially made of the kind of purity and intelligence and economy that prevail in the municipal administration of New York, which is overwhelmingly and characteristically a Democratic government, are the best commentary upon this programme of reform.

It is now so clear that a large body of Democrats are resolutely bent upon a policy tending to free trade that the more conservative element of the party will see its defeat with indifference, and do nothing to prevent it. The nomination of a man of pronounced views, like Mr. Carlisle or Mr. Morrison, would be accepted by an influential part of the party as a surrender without a battle. Even the selection of a protectionist like Mr. Payne, while it would conceal the situation somewhat, could not allay the uneasy conviction of Democratic protectionists that the vital and progressive element of their party, while it would acquiesce in the nomination, would still continue the struggle in the Congressional districts, and would, in fact, not relinquish it until the free-trade tendency was established in actual legislation. This is to say that the situation is one in which a large and important body of Democrats fear the success of their own party. It is not a new situation. There were hosts of such Democrats during the war and in the elections of 1868 and 1872. The reasons then were different; but the fact in each case shows a profound conviction of the unquestionable truth that, despite much that Republicans themselves deplore, and many differences of opinion among Republicans, the Republican party, upon the whole, represents the real American principle, character, and intelligence, and may be most trusted to administer the government with that temperate and wise spirit of reform which the best interests of the American people require.

PREPARING FOR THE REPUBLICAN CONVENTION.

The local elections of delegates and the general consent of published Republican opinion in Pennsylvania and Ohio already shed light upon the actual Republican situation. It must be accepted as tolerably evident that neither of those States will favor the nomination of the President at Chicago. The reasons of the fact are not our present concern, but the fact itself is of a significance which the Republicans who desire that nomination should not disregard. With New York doubtful at the election, should a majority of the delegates from the State favor the President's nomination, and with Pennsylvania and Ohio opposed to the nomination, the wisdom of such a selection becomes plainly extremely doubtful. It may be a matter of surprise and regret that his prudent, tranquil, and, upon the whole, satisfactory administration has not commended the President more closely as a candidate to the two great central States beyond New York. But, we repeat, the fact is the important consideration.

It becomes expedient, therefore, for his friends to consider who would be their alternative choice in the Convention, and can they doubt that it must be some one who would certainly carry the State of New York, and to whom no reasonable opposition could be offered in Pennsylvania or Ohio? This being conceded, is it not equally clear that nobody could carry New York who is not acceptable to the Independents, and that the best candidate for Pennsylvania and Ohio would be one who would not arouse the old differences in the party, and who would not be thrown upon the defensive? If the view taken elsewhere be correct, that there is a deep Democratic distrust of Democratic success, and that many Democrats would see with equanimity a Republican elected, is it not the dictate of the simplest good sense to select a candidate who, while an undoubted Republican, would be a Republican whose career would least arouse personal opposition, and least excite apprehension for the future?

There are Democrats who already say privately, and say sincerely, that if the Republicans will but nominate a candidate who will not in himself excite opposition, they would be surprised and delighted at the issue of the canvass. Such Democrats mean not that they would necessarily vote for the Republican, but that they would not vote against him, and they would take this course, as Republicans took a similar course in New York in 1882, with the hope of regenerating their party. The advantage of this situation, however, would be entirely lost to the Republicans if the inference should be drawn that it would enable them to elect anybody whom they might nominate. This conclusion would be absurd. There are candidates who might be selected who would make it impossible for many of the Democrats of whom we speak not to support their own party candidate, and who would as certainly alienate the Independent vote, which is indispensable, and which it would be suicidal to drive away. The conditions of Republican success, although very simple and very obvious, can not be too often reiterated, and the vote necessary for success is not to be stampeded for any candidate, but it can be certainly won by ordinary sagacity.

A NATURAL PROTEST.

A Democratic district committee in the city of New York has resolved that it will support no candidate for office who will not "pledge himself to work for the repeal of all civil service laws and acts." By civil service laws the committee means, of course, civil service reform laws. The first reason alleged for this action is that these laws are intended to steal from the people their "civil political rights." On the contrary, these laws break up the system which admits to the service only the favorites of politicians, and they give every honest and capable man an equal chance, whether he has the favor of politicians or not. Under the system which the committee approves at least ninety or ninety-five per cent. of the people are hopelessly excluded from the enjoyment of their equal right to enter the public service.

The second reason alleged is that the reform laws were passed by a Republican Congress for the purpose of keeping Republicans in office when it was expected that a Democratic President would be elected. The fact is that the acts were prepared by Democrats and Republicans together. They were supported in Congress by Democrats and Republicans, and they were adopted by a vote of both parties. In the State of New York they have no more faithful and efficient friend than the Democratic Governor, and the majority of the admirable State Commission is Democratic. The Democratic mistake has been just such party hostility as that shown by this committee, and by the party action in Ohio, and the adverse votes in the Legislatures of New York and Massachusetts. The reform acts do not retain Republican officers, because the power of removal is untouched by them. They certainly did not retain the Republicans whom Comptroller Chapin, of New York, has dismissed.

The last reason alleged is that not five members of the Legislature could pass the examinations required by the Commission. Let the committee be content to speak for itself. It ventures an ignorant assertion, which is ridiculously untrue. The examinations are very simple and reasonable, and exclude no competent man from the service. They serve as barriers to prevent this committee or any other set of politicians from thrusting their henchmen into public employment as a reward for personal and party service, and at the expense of honest and industrious tax-payers. There is no reason why hard-working men should be called upon to support either the bummers and tools or the members of district committees. The public service is not the property of trading politicians, but of the whole people. The people pay for it, and they are entitled to have in it men who mind their own business and properly earn their money, and such men the reform acts secure.

A NATIONAL SHAME.

In the year of a Presidential election the appropriations for the support of the government are apt to be arbitrarily and unwisely reduced, because the parties desire to make a reputation for economy, and for a sensitive regard for what is called, with the true demagogic twang, "the people's money." There is no point at which this cutting down is more certain than the appropriation for the Indian service, and there is none where it works more cruel mischief, or is more essentially extravagant. Secretary Teller's estimates for the Indians have been reduced, but probably the larger part of the committee that votes the reduction has no adequate knowledge of the subject, and could give no better reason than the impatient feeling that the Indians are vermin and a nuisance, and that the only good Indian is a dead Indian.

Senator Dawes went out last summer as chairman of a committee to the Sioux reservation, and his report is, we believe, now in press. It will doubtless well reward careful study as a statement of one instance of the abominable bad faith of our treatment of the Indians. Charles Sumner denounced the support of slavery in Kansas as "the crime against Kansas." That crime has been terribly expiated, but the crime against the Indians is still proceeding, and no one can know its details without the conviction that American rebuke of English government in Ireland is ridiculous so long as we are nationally responsible for the treachery of our Indian relations. The absolute general indifference to the subject is a public shame. But the facts may well temper our complacent national vanity as a just people. We make treaties with Indians which we do not pretend to keep. We turn them ruthlessly out of house and home when under our encouragement they have them. We make them dependent upon us, and starve them. Cruel individual crimes against them we do not redress. We have now surrounded them on all sides, and are constantly invading the land which we have guaranteed to them, and stealing it. There is nothing like a comprehensive, intelligent, and honest Indian policy, and the Interior Department, when endeavoring to pursue an honorable course, is constantly baffled by Congress.

The reasons of the general public indifference are obvious. The Indians are few; they are out of sight; they are partly uncivilized; they speak a strange language; they are not voters; they can not reward advocacy of their rights; and they are pressed by greedy and unscrupulous enterprise, and seem to offer, as in the Sioux reservation, which is a hundred and sixty miles long by a hundred miles wide, a hopeless obstruction to advancing civilization and prosperity. But it is not necessary that they should obstruct, and it is necessary that they should be treated honorably and wisely. Congress will take that course when public opinion requires it, and the Indian Rights Association, which was formed last year in Philadelphia—the city of brotherly love, in which the parent anti-slavery society, the first in the world, was formed before the Revolution—proposes to make an appeal to the opinion of the country, and serve as the medium between that opinion and Congress. One good effect of Congressional consciousness that there is a public opinion sincerely bent upon justice to the Indians may be seen in the passage by the Senate of the bill allotting land in severalty to the Indians upon the reservations, and extending over the Indians the protection of State and territorial laws. It is quite time that it was understood that there is still an oppressed race in this country whose wrongs it is the duty of every honorable American to see righted.

THE GOOD WORK AT ALBANY.

The good work goes bravely on at Albany. Mr. Gibbs's bill which gives the Mayor of New York who will be elected this year the appointment of the Commissioner of Public Works and the Corporation Counsel has passed the Senate, and we hope will have passed the Assembly when this paper is issued. Senators Robb, of New York, and Newbold, of Dutchess, who are Democrats, voted for the bill, and there is certainly no reason why Democrats should not support it as well as Republicans.

The principle of the bill, as of all the city reform bills, is in no sense partisan. It is a sound principle of administration, and if the Democrats, as they insist, can always elect their municipal candidates by overwhelming majorities, they can always choose a Democratic Mayor, who shall be held immediately responsible to the people, and trades between Republican and Democratic bosses can be seriously obstructed, and, with an honest enforcement of the reformed system of appointments, made practically impossible. Mr. J. J. O'Brien, the recently elected chairman of the Republican Committee in the city, is understood to be in sympathy with the Democratic hostility to these bills. But the real line of division upon the subject is not between parties, but between honest, industrious, and tax-paying citizens and political shysters, in both parties, who wish to plunder the public treasury for party and personal advantage.

Messrs. Robb and Newbold, by sustaining the city reform bills, do their party a service which the Democrats who oppose the bills can not understand. It is such Democrats as they and the Governor who give their party all the chance which it has to carry the State at the election. It is because the Democrats who are generally sent from the city to the Legislature, and who oppose everything that looks to honest and economical government, are believed really to represent the spirit which controls the party, that intelligent and industrious citizens distrust it so profoundly. If Governor Cleveland and Messrs. Robb and Newbold were representatives of their party, instead of exceptions in it, who get scarcely a word of hearty praise from the Democratic press, the Republicans would have serious reason to be dismayed.

AN OLD FRIEND WITH A NEW FACE.

The *Commercial Advertiser* is one of the old institutions of New York, and for many years, under the editorial control of Colonel William L. Stone and of Francis Hall, it was a conservative authority and a welcome family visitor. It has now passed under the control of a company of which Parke Godwin is president, and without changing its political sympathies and general character of bright and comprehensive news-monger, it proposes to move in the van of the intelligent and independent press of the country.

Every addition to that power, which is already great, is a subject of general congratulation. The day of the mere party "organ" is passing, and has, indeed, largely disappeared. Its tone survives mainly in the published interviews of party politicians who talk as the old party papers used to talk. These gentlemen say, for instance, "The wisdom of the Convention will select the best man, and the nominee of the Convention is my candidate." That it is their business to help the wisdom of the Convention to select a candidate whom they can heartily, not formally, support, and whose election is therefore so much the surer, does not seem to occur to these excellent persons.

This, however, is the duty and the pleasure of the independent, not the neutral or the indifferent, press. The power of the newspaper was never so great in this country as now, and its vigorous independence is the explanation. The strongest and most influential criticism and censure of party action comes from the press of the party, and it is much more from the press than from the delegates that a National Convention learns the real opinion and tendency of its own party. We cordially congratulate the renewed *Commercial* upon its admirable inaugural, and upon its pleasant prospects.

HASTY-PUDDING AND BOATS.

The "Hasty-pudding Club," a venerable body, but of ever-young soul, at Harvard College, is to produce a musical burlesque of *Hernani* at the theatre of the old Union League Club, on Madison Square, on the evenings of the 3d and 4th of April. There is a list of patronesses of which any club might well be proud, and the young amateurs are of an excellent reputation. They act and sing in aid of the University Boat Club. "Row, brothers, row," is the inspiring melody of their song, to which they hope to win many an old college boy, with his wife and children and all his relations, to contribute golden notes.

THE SITUATION IN THE SOUDAN.

Should bad news reach England from Khartoom, a dissolution of Parliament would seem to be inevitable. It is seldom that so much is put at stake upon the fate of one man, and he so little known to the general public, as was intrusted by England to General Gordon. His solitary journey through a hostile wilderness to a remote town in mid-Africa was an exceedingly romantic incident, and his safe arrival and a certain Oriental tone in his proclamations made a profound impression.

But the exact situation, beyond the two successful engagements of the British force near the shore of the Red Sea, is unknown. Even the consequences of those battles are not known, and the problem of the Soudan is unsolved. At the same time, Mr. Gladstone is undoubtedly ill, and there are strongly divided counsels in the British cabinet. What seems to be clear in the confusion is that circumstances quite beyond their control have forced the Gladstone government to a course which it would never have originated, and that the honorable policy is to occupy Egypt effectively.

Whatever the issue of the complication may be, should Mr. Gladstone retire from the head of the government, England would feel a fatal loss. There is no Tory leader whose accession could inspire confidence that the difficult questions would be wisely treated, and no Liberal who could fill the place of Gladstone. His age and natural decline of physical vigor are a grave misfortune to his country. His mental grasp and force happily seem to be in no degree relaxed. But no loss in this emergency would be so great as the loss of his counsel and leadership.

AN IMPORTANT COPYRIGHT DECISION.

A copyright decision interesting and important to authors has just been made in Chicago. The story of *The Bread-Winners* has attracted a great deal of attention in this country and England both during its serial publication in the *Century* magazine and in the volume issued under copyright by Harper & Brothers.

A Swedish weekly paper in Chicago, the *Gamla Och Nya Hemlandet*, naturally thought that the story would be extremely interesting to its readers, but apparently forgot that the right of publication belonged to the author and his publishers—that, in fact, it was their property, and was entitled to protection by law against appropriation in any form by unauthorized persons. It was very important to know whether authors and owners of copyrights had protection against unauthorized translations, and this is the very principle which has been now settled.

The Circuit Court of the United States for the Northern District of Illinois has decided that copyright within the country which it covers includes translations published within the same country. Under a decree of the court, and by the consent of all parties in interest, the Swedish paper was permitted to continue the publication of the translation, on publishing at the head of every issue of the story that it is a translation by permission of the holders of the copyright, and undertaking to make certain reparation, and to pay costs. Upon such an agreement they are released from all claim for damages. The point settled by this decree is one of great value both to authors and publishers.

MEDIÆVAL LEGISLATION.

There is a difference of opinion in England upon the scope of the law punishing blasphemy. Mr. Leslie Stephen thinks that it would include Mr. Herbert Spencer, and that he might be fined and imprisoned under the existing law. Lord Coleridge, on the other hand, holds that the law contemplates only indecent and ribald treatment of religious doctrines and sacred names. But whatever opinion may be entertained of Mr. Spencer and his views, no sensible man would suppose that the way to deal with his opinions is to fine and imprison him and burn his books. England usually prefers to allow bad laws to become obsolete, but a law subject to such an interpretation should be repealed.

A law equally mistaken in its principle exists in Ohio--a law which prohibits the intermarriage of white and colored persons, and which exacts a penalty for performing the marriage ceremony for such persons. There is also a law which provides separate schools for colored children. These laws a member of the Legislature has introduced a bill to repeal. In a State like Ohio there ought to be no question of the repeal. The stigma cast by such a law of marriage upon the colored citizens of the State is certainly an injustice of which they may rightfully complain. The warmest advocates of such restrictions always "give away" their case by emphasizing the repulsiveness of such unions. Very well, then, let them alone. No law is necessary to prevent people from doing what they strongly dislike to do. If there be such an instinctive repulsion, the law is absurdly superfluous. If there be none, the law is a flagrant outrage of the liberty of the citizen. Assuming the ill effects to the community of such unions, which must be the only rational plea for the prohibition, as there is no disposition toward them, the law is simply impertinent.

Such laws are the relics of a dark age from which we have happily emerged, and they should be obliterated from the statute-book, because they are a formal and official public proclamation of a feeling which the body of the laws and the spirit of the community do not recognize. That a law of Ohio should prohibit a citizen and a voter from honorably marrying any innocent person who desires to marry him is a fact which has a remote and pernicious influence and effect. The citizen of Copiah County, in Mississippi, could well say that the feeling which dictates such a law is that which, peculiarly exasperated, led to the massacre in that county. Those who dislike the colored citizen so far as to disable him in marriage differ in degree only from those who disable him at the polls. Ohio certainly should not give aid and comfort to the enemies of the colored citizens. It is not enough that such a law be left to become obsolete; it should be repealed.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. P. L. Collins, the writer of the interesting article on the Dead-letter Office printed in another part of this paper, has for several years held an important and responsible position in that Department. Her fine culture, varied attainments, and the skill and ability displayed in the performance of the difficult and intricate duties of the service have won for her high and well-deserved repute. No one is better qualified than Mrs. Collins to give our readers an insight into the workings of this important branch of our postal service.

—The recent election of Mr. Colin Hunter as an Associate of the Royal Academy was pleasantly signalized by a dinner given in his honor at the Reform Club by his old friend Mr. William Black. The company brought together by Mr. Black comprised, besides Mr. Hunter, Mr. Robert Browning, Mr. Bret Harte, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. W. Herries Pollock, the new editor of the *Saturday Review*, Mr. W. R. S. Ralston, Mr. Hill, and Mr. Robinson, of the *Daily News*, Mr. Orchardson, R.A., Mr. Briton Riviere, R.A., Mr. L. Alma-Tadema, R.A., Mr. Pettie, R.A., Mr. T. Faed, R.A., Mr. E. D. J. Wilson, of the *Times*, Mr. E. W. Gosse, Mr. Boughton, A.R.A., Mr. Comyns Carr, Mr. Theodore Watts, Mr. E. A. Abbey, Mr. William Ingram, Mr. Austin Dobson, Mr. Alfred Parsons, Mr. Frederick Macmillan, Mr. J. F. Phayre, and Mr. James Walker. There were no speeches, but in an informal way the company conveyed to the new Associate their hearty good wishes for his future prosperity.

—The Easter cards issued this year by Messrs. Prang & Co., of Boston, are of exquisite design and execution. Among the artists represented are Miss F. Bridges, Miss L. B. Humphrey, Mrs. O. E. Whitney, Miss L. B. Comins, Miss Alice C. Swan, Mrs. E. T. Fisher, Mr. W. Hamilton Gibson, and Mr. Walter Satterlee. Besides the colored cards, there are two series of "Easter cards of ye Olden Time," the designs for which were made from the best examples of typography, book illustration, and page ornaments of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries. They are printed in red and black.

—The *Academy* finds it "pleasing to learn from Mr. Clarence Deming," an American journalist, that Mr. Bradlaugh's "whole appearance and rhetoric constantly suggest Mr. Beecher."

—Miss Mary Grace Walker has written a poem about Mr. Browning, whose voice, she says, "first fell upon me as the sound of many waters. All my soul was stirred to listen, and, if might be, as I heard, fathom some measure of its depths profound."

—An admirer of the late Francois Lenormant finds him possessing a claim on the grateful remembrance of all who are interested in the history of man, because he was not only a scholar, but also a popularizer of the knowledge which scholars too often can not or will not communicate to the many.

—"I only ask," writes Mr. Edward A. Freeman, "that Mr. Bradley or anybody else, before he reports opinions on statements of mine, would look to my own writings to see what my opinions and statements really are."

—Mr. Andrew Lang, one of the most cultivated and agreeable of the English essayists who have come into prominence during the last few years, has accepted the editorship of the English edition of Harper's Magazine.

—From a sermon by a modern vicar: "Wealth does not release its possessor from the obligation to work, but only enables him to do unpaid work, for society. The only difference ethically between the rich man and the poor man seems to be this, that the poor man receives his wages at the end of the week, and does not get them unless his work is first done, whereas the rich man receives his wages first, and is bound, as a matter of honor, to earn them afterward."

—In describing the amusements of the people Mr. Walter Besant declares that the working-man can not play any game at all, neither cricket nor foot-ball. Nor does he run, leap, or practice athletics of any kind. He can not swim; he can not dance.

—Professor Rein defends the Japanese from some of their critics. They are a race of children—harmless, confiding, gay, and inclined at all ages to childish games; easily interested in anything new, even to the point of enthusiasm, but, when only half acquainted with it, becoming speedily weary of it. Though the wife is still only "the first servant of the household," yet a knowledge of the better notions of Europeans is tending to raise her in her husband's estimation.

—Mrs. Georgina Weldon has begun suit against Dr. Forbes Winslow because he wrote to her husband: "I have been to your house this morning, and have seen Mrs. Weldon, and I think it is my duty to inform you that it is imperative that immediate steps should be taken to secure her;" that is, to put her in a lunatic asylum. Mrs. Weldon, who conducts her case in person, maintains that she is the victim of a studious effort to destroy her reputation and her liberty.

—An English woman writes: "Women's efforts in art are more appreciated than they suppose. In the matter of training they have equal advantages with men in the schools of art all over the United Kingdom; and in various branches of artistic decoration, design, art needle-work, and other remunerative employments they have the field entirely to themselves."

—A Scottish school-master has invented a novel punishment for incorrigible youngsters. He keeps a bottle of castor-oil in a convenient spot, and, when occasion arises, lubricates the face and the interior of the œsophagus of the offending pupil. The school trustees are after him.

—Says the *Spectator*: "The word 'ratting' is certainly not an honorific word. Why it should be thought in any way discreditable to the rats that they desert, as they are said to do, a ship about to sink or a house about to fall, we can not imagine. Men always apply the term 'ratting,' however, to cases in which they think that there is a certain reproach in the use of it; that is, they take the metaphor from the action of creatures quite free from any sort of tie to stand by a cause. That is very hard upon the rats."

—We could all eat with horn spoons instead of silver (observes a contemporaneous philosopher), and give the difference to the poor; but, if we did, civilization would be lost under an ocean of manufactured pauperism. Did not a clergyman in Elizabeth's reign denounce the monstrous luxury of using any forks at all, when God had so visibly given man five fingers to eat with?

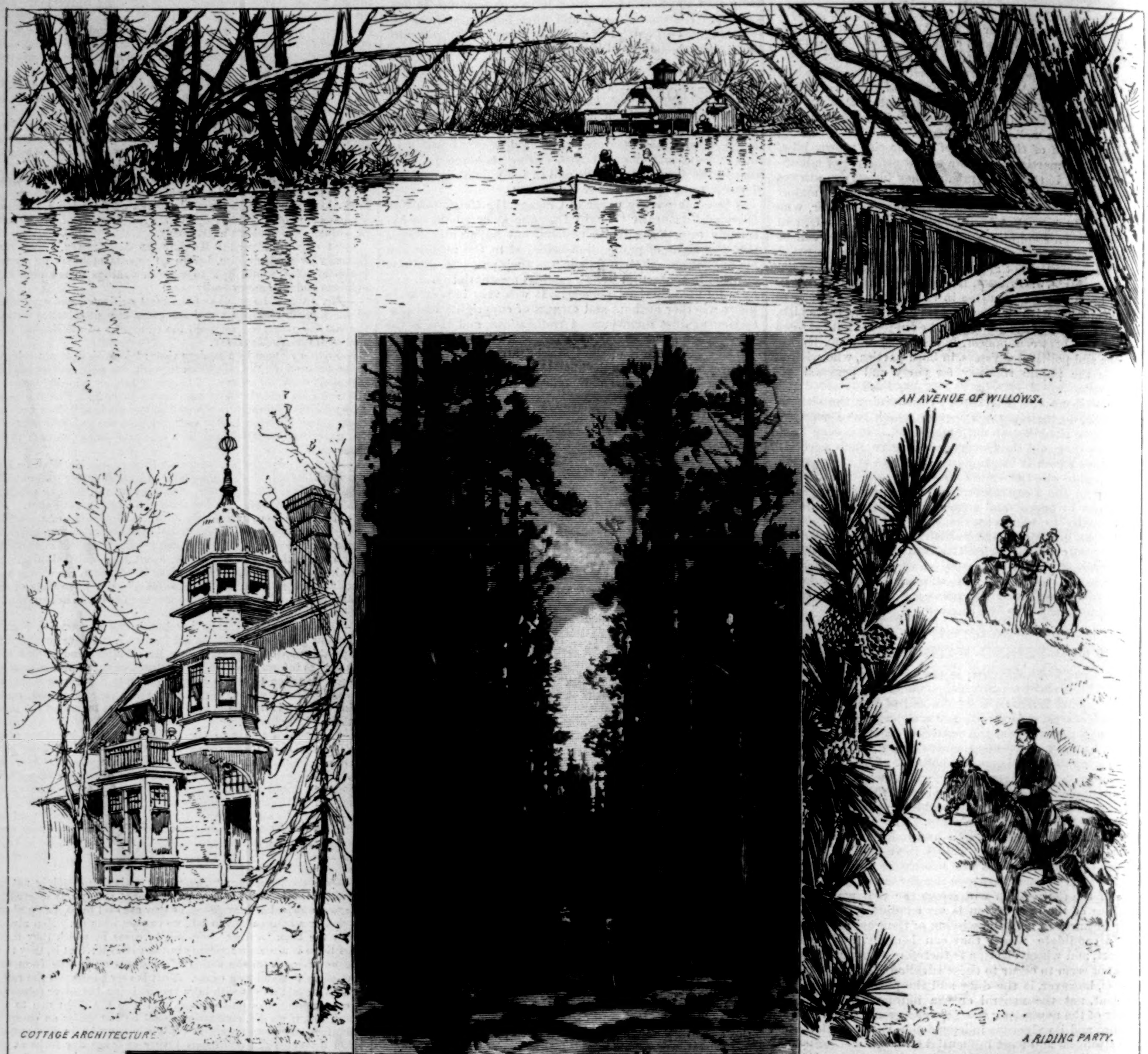
—The late Augustus Schell was the son of an old New York merchant who fought in the war of 1812. Thirty years ago he was associated in politics with such men as William L. Marcy and Daniel S. Dickinson, and more recently has been the warm personal friend and coadjutor of Mr. John Kelly, and one of the most influential members of the leading Democratic conventions. He was a bondsman of Jefferson Davis in 1865, a Presidential Elector in 1876, a candidate for Mayor of New York city in 1878, a director in several great business corporations, and a man of many friends.

—"I remember," says an esteemed correspondent, "to have swallowed an old copper cent, when a boy, thirty years ago. It stuck in my throat, and gave me a good deal of pain, in the course of which I ran to my grandmother's room, where of course I awakened the most active sympathy of the old lady and one of her neighbors. The remedies suggested were widely various, and I often laugh to think of the most vigorous of them. It was mentioned by my grandmother's visitor, not exactly as a prescription, but as a possible resource in the emergency. She wanted to know if it would not be expedient to dissolve the cent by giving me 'some acid.'"

—A Maryland gentleman informs the writer of this paragraph that it is impossible even for epicures to distinguish a red-headed duck from a canvas-back duck when either is brought on the table with its head cut off, and that when he has been out shooting it is his custom to present any canvas-backs he may have killed to his friends, they appreciating the compliment, and he and his family enjoying red-headed ducks worth $1 50 a pair just as much as canvas-back ducks worth $5 a pair. Such information, however, need not be too highly prized by the managers of hotels and restaurants.

—Prince Leopold, the Duke of Albany, the fourth and youngest son of Queen Victoria, died suddenly at Cannes on the 28th of March, as he was on the point of starting for Darmstadt to attend the wedding of his niece, the Princess Victoria of Hesse. He was in his thirty-first year. A portrait of the Prince was given in Harper's Weekly for June 15, 1880.

—Mr. William T. Walters, of Baltimore, has added to his collection of oil-paintings a splendid example of Corot's genius, which alone would justify that artist's great reputation. The subject is St. Sebastian, wounded by arrows in a forest glen, and attended by two sympathizing women, one of whom tenderly plucks a dart from his shoulder, while two cherubs hover in the air; and in a little descriptive pamphlet, issued by Mr. Walters, Delacroix calls it "the most sincerely religious picture of the nineteenth century." We have seen many pictures of the sixteenth century not half so religious; for in this work the sentiment of the landscape plays so important a part that without it the story told by the figures would seem almost as trivial as it usually seems in the hands of the old masters.



AN AVENUE OF WILLOWS.

COTTAGE ARCHITECTURE.

PINE PARK.

A RIDING PARTY.

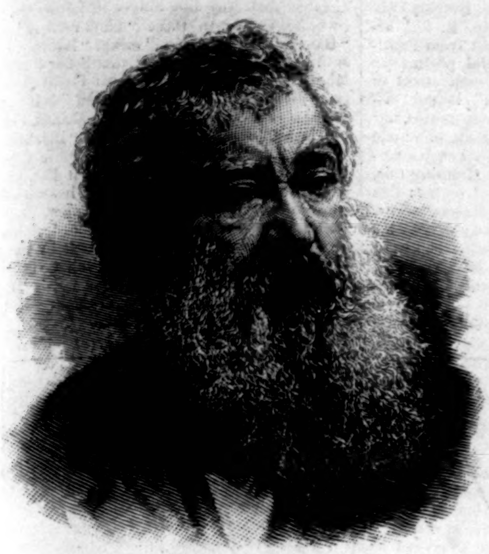
OVERLOOKING THE PINES.

LAWN TENNIS.

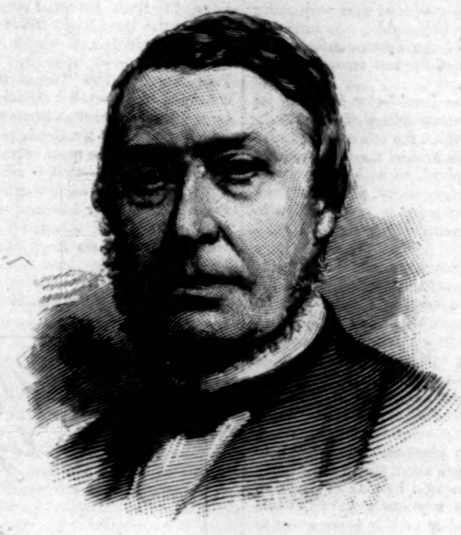
THE LAKE.

EVENING AMUSEMENTS.

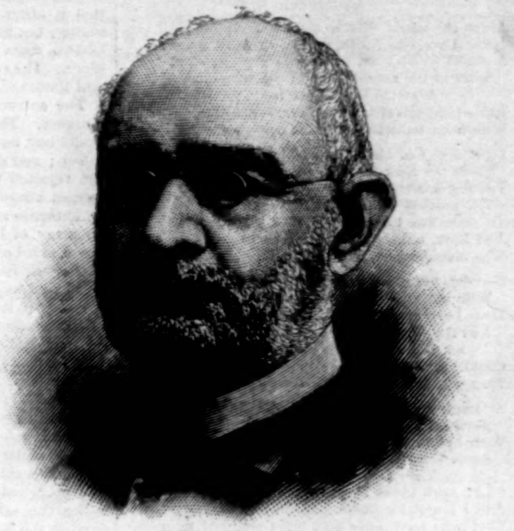
WINTER SANITARIUMS, III.—LAKEWOOD, NEW JERSEY.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 219.]



GEORGE FULLER.—Phot. by Black.—[See Page 219.]



JOHN J. CISCO.—Phot. by Brady.

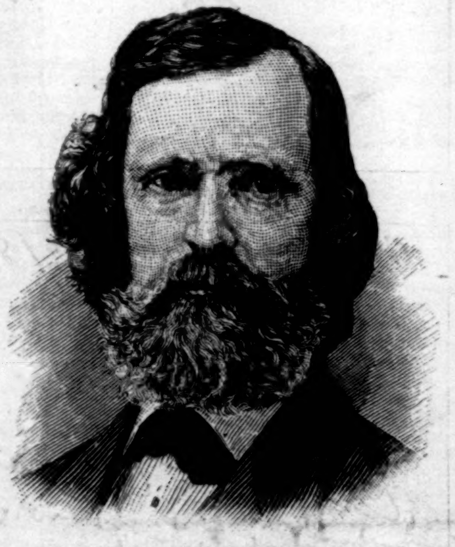


AUGUSTUS SCHELL.—Phot. by Falk.—[See Page 215.]

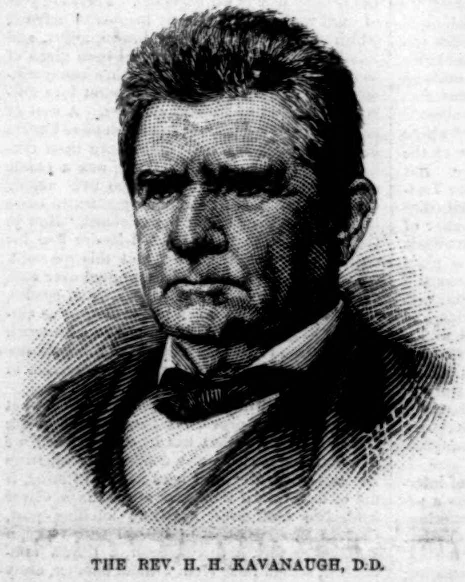
BISHOP KAVANAUGH.

The Rev. Hubbard Hinde Kavanaugh, D.D., who died at Columbus, Mississippi, on the 19th of March, was one of the ablest divines of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. He was eighty-two years old at the time of his death, had been sixty years in the ministry, and thirty years a bishop.

He was born in Clark County, Kentucky, in 1802, and in his youth received his first training as a printer. In his sixteenth year he joined the Methodist Church; five years later he was received into the Kentucky Conference. From that time until his death he was one of the most active and influential members of the Methodist ministry. Possessing great physical endurance, and effective as a preacher, his career was one of wonderful success both in the pastorate and the episcopate. Two years ago he spent a year in California and Oregon, preaching with the same power as in his younger days.



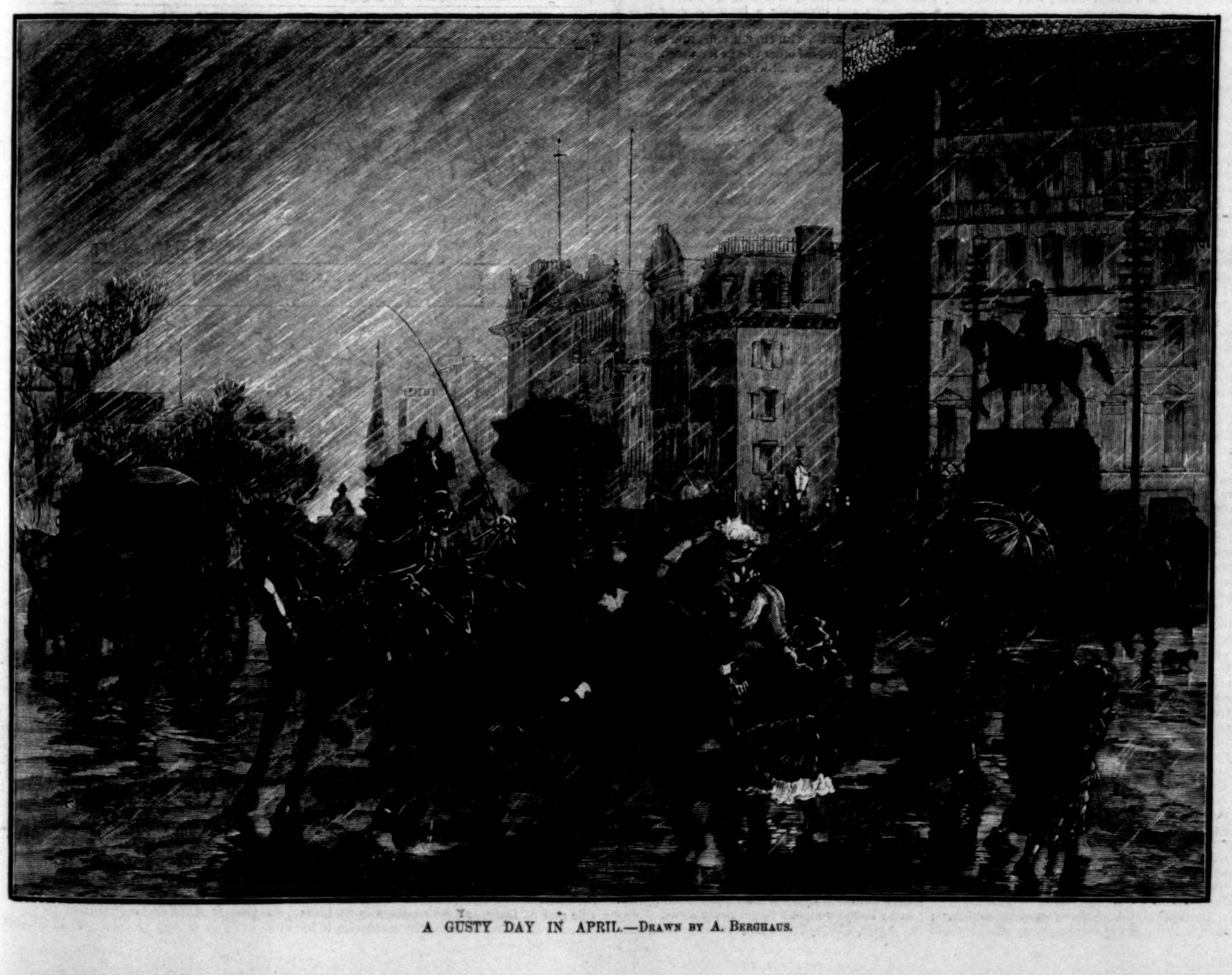
THE REV. EZRA ABBOT, D.D.—[See Page 219.]



THE REV. H. H. KAVANAUGH, D.D.

JOHN J. CISCO.

This eminent banker and financier died on Sunday, March 23, at the age of seventy-eight. He had been known in this city for the last twenty years as one of the leading bankers in Wall Street, and previous to that time he had established a high reputation as a financier by twelve years' service as financial agent of the national government in New York. Mr. Cisco began business as a tailor, and after a few years established himself as a cloth merchant. President Pierce made him financial agent of the United States in 1852. On the inauguration of President Lincoln, Mr. Cisco tendered his resignation, but, at the President's earnest request, consented to retain the office for a time. He was influential in placing the first national loan. In 1864 he established the banking house of John J. Cisco & Son, in Wall Street. Mr. Cisco had been a member of Trinity Church for twenty-five years.



A GUSTY DAY IN APRIL.—Drawn by A. Berghaus.

APRIL.

AFTER the windy Winter came pale Spring;
And Love, like Earth, was in an April mood:
A petted Child-Year, who could weep or sing,
Sport in the sunshine, or in shadows brood.
A petted Child-Love too,
Full of expectant bliss, of fear, and doubt,
Who from some happy dream could wake and pout.

Light flocks of birds, untamable and free,
Clove the clear air with prophesying song;
The flag flowers by the sedge shook happily,
The meadow-sweet grew cheerily among
The low, sweet, daisied grass;
And Love, untamable as birds, as free,
Was moody sweet, now sad, now full of glee.

One day the skies were blue, and building birds
With glancing wings flitted from tree to tree;
Then Love drew close with glad and tender words,
And singing through the woods he went with me.
But ever clouds and pain
Could teach him to complain. Ah me! ah me!
They who serve Love shall sorrow often see.

At length, when silver rains had washed her fair,
April dried all her tears; in robes of green,
With hyacinths upon her breast and hair,
Sweet singing in the meadows, she was seen.
Then Love said, with a smile,
"Lo! April kisses May; be glad with me."
And I forgot his faults. Ah me! ah me!
They who serve Love both blind and deaf must be.

THE DEAD-LETTER OFFICE.

AFTER the White House and the Capitol, there is perhaps no place in Washington as much visited by the ordinary sight-seer as the Dead-letter Office. A large proportion of our fifty millions seems to have a general and indefinite idea that the great machinery of the government is located here, that it is a huge motor the throbs of whose pulsating engines is felt from the Lakes to the Gulf, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. But beyond this all is vague and misty. The Treasury is a term for our bullion; the Patent-office shows that we are not dullards in the matter of invention; the War, State, and Navy departments suggest that we have a foreign policy, a place among the powers of the world, and soldiers and sailors when required. But there is nothing personal in all this: it awakens a national pride, and that is all. The casual visitor returns to his home a truer patriot than ever, and reads with a new gusto and enthusiasm all about the surrender of Cornwallis, following it up with the story of the cotton bales on that historic 15th of January, when, as a certain Fourth of July orator declared, "The bold and haughty lion crouched and quailed before our victorious eagle."

However, as we said, the pivotal point of interest is the Dead-letter Office. A letter has a peculiar interest to every individual. A mysterious attraction belongs to that small sealed missive. Sometimes it is clumsy and soiled, and the address smothered under innumerable postmarks; sometimes it is a dainty affair, with monogram, coat of arms, or soul-stirring motto; sometimes it is fresh from the hand of the writer; and again it is worn with long journeyings over land and sea.

The Post-office Department is a pile of glittering white marble, imposing enough to be the head-quarters of our immense mail service; and it is somewhat strange that the proverbial American curiosity-hunter on a tour of investigation does not pry into its contract offices, stamp division, supply bureau, etc.; but whatever may be the cause, the tide of visitors ebbs and flows with unbroken regularity only through the departmental Valhalla.

For the first eleven years of the existence of this bureau the records of the office were kept in a single small book, and showed that 365 valuable letters were received during that time. For the fiscal year ending July 1, 1882, 3,288,589 dead letters were received, 562,620 unmailable, and 11,711 blanks, and more than 40,000 bearing requests were returned to the writers.

Dead letters proper are such as have been correctly addressed, forwarded to their destination, there advertised, and unclaimed. The "unmailable" comprises several classes: those that have some deficiency in the address, such as have been held for postage, entirely blank, insufficiently paid to foreign countries not included in the Postal Union, those addressed to hotels and unclaimed, fictitious, and initial letters, amounting in all to an average of 60,000 per month. The blank letters, of which there are about 1000 per month, have proven upon investigation to be the most valuable as a class that come to the office. They contain more money, checks, drafts, and notes than any others. The majority of the short-paid foreign letters belong to Australia. Since our international postal arrangements now extend nearly all over the civilized world, and postage is not compulsory, this class does not greatly swell the number of the unmailable.

Many people seem to imagine that the duty of the clerks in this office is to open letters, leisurely inspect the contents, and return them to the writers. What a stupendous mistake this is will be readily discerned by a superficial glance at the actual state of affairs. The employés occupy, in addition to the main office, sixty feet long by forty feet wide, a gallery extending entirely around it, and furnished with a double row of desks, and half a dozen smaller rooms. The work is divided systematically, and a certain proportion of clerks assigned to each subdivision: for instance, the division of dead letters proper, the money branch, the property branch, and the unmailable, while to some is allotted the task of simply returning letters.

About $50,000 per annum finds its way here, most of which is restored to its rightful owners; but in case of utter failure to do this, it is turned into the Treasury to the credit of the Post-office Department.

The property branch shows many curious things; here, as in the money division, every effort is made to place an article in the hands of the owner, but this is often not only a serious and perplexing matter, but absolutely impossible. At intervals of two years a sale of the accumulation takes place. The catalogue of the last comprised several thousand articles.

The entrance to the Dead-letter Office is its museum. There are some things which nobody would buy, and some which the office did not care to sell; and glass cases around the walls contain the rejected and despised, as well as those esteemed above a monetary value. For instance, an immense saw is suspended in juxtaposition to an array of bottles containing respectively cologne, salad oil, beer, and poison. There are huge platters fit for Christmas turkeys, and a beam of wood that might be poetically suggestive of the Yule-log if it were not keeping company with a skull, a clothes-wringer, an alligator's skin, a horned frog, and serpents in a state of such beastly intoxication that they will never wriggle again, for they live and move and have their being in alcohol. There are boxes of wedding cake tied with satin ribbon, "Jumbo" babies, birds' nests, artificial roses so exquisite one mighty fancy them a cluster freshly plucked, dolls enough to fill many a child-mother's arms, and scrap albums enough, when supplemented by pots of paste, to make the same class supremely happy, while driving the same number of tidy housewives to desperation. The array of combs is sufficient to represent every manufacturer, and to straighten all the tangled hair in Christendom. There are pots of cacti well fortified for any manner of defense, which arrived at the office brown, angry, and bristling; but lo! when they had been given of that which they love—brown earth, a sunny window, and plentiful drink—they burst into gorgeous blossoms of tropical richness. A coat of more colors than Joseph's, and much more bizarre in design than any that could have been constructed in those primitive times, was a puzzle even to the white-haired lady who lives among these curiosities, until one day a gentleman came in who, upon glancing at it, exclaimed, "How in the world did that Sandwich-Islander lose his coat?" He then explained that this garment, which is made of cotton cloth, printed over with cards, kings, aces, diamonds, hearts, and spades, as if they had been thrown pell-mell upon its surface, is sought after by those people with much eagerness, and that they send to the United States and have them manufactured, the possession of one being considered quite a distinction.

Perhaps it will give a better idea of what beasts of burden poor Uncle Sam's mail-boys are if, in addition to what has been mentioned, we add that this museum also contains horned frogs received alive, a case of bees as full of sting, if not of honey, as if they were abroad in a clover field, two centipedes, a patent hitching-post, Chinese MSS., samples of barbed wire fence, a sausage-grinder, a thermometer, a tidy, a tambourine, sets of false teeth without number, army badges, a wash-board, an umbrella, a ring set with amethysts and diamonds, a beautiful collection of minerals, and one of coins that would make any collector perish with envy, a miniature cotton bale, and hundreds of other things for which, generally speaking, the mail would scarcely be considered the legitimate means of transportation.

The Dead-letter Office is sometimes facetiously called "Botany Bay," and again it is dubbed "Siberian Mines." However appropriate or inappropriate these titles may be, it bears the reputation of being one of the best-conducted bureaus under the government, and if it is also one of the hardest-worked, perhaps one implies the other.

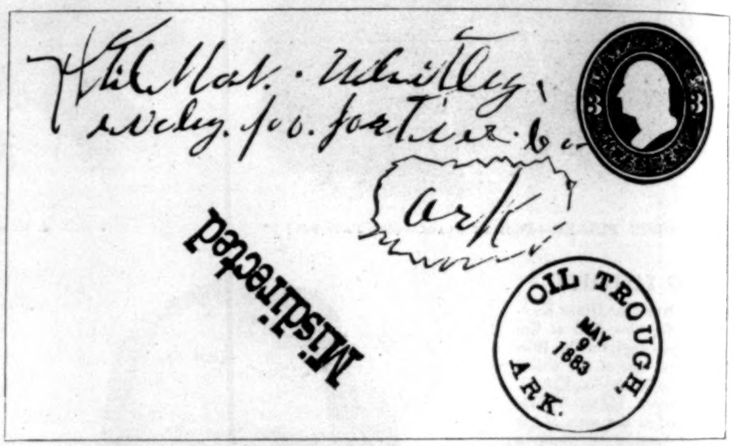
One branch of the work which always seems to particularly interest outsiders is the "blind-reading," or supplying addresses to misdirected letters. Only "live" letters, or such as have come directly from the mailing offices on account of this deficiency, are treated in this manner. All carrier offices make a daily return of such matter, but the bulk of this class of matter is received from New York, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Atlanta, Washington, and Chicago. Sometimes the errors or omissions occur from ignorance, but quite as often from carelessness, and not unfrequently the address is wholly illegible, except to the eye of an expert. In this way 100,000 letters are annually sent forward to their proper destination with the seal unbroken. The difficulties that compass this branch of the service can scarcely be understood save by one who has made a study of it. For instance, a letter is addressed, "Mr. Charles Hall, No. 42 Gregory Street, Newport, Mon." Where shall it be sent—north, east, south, or west? Alas! there is not only a Newport by the sea, but "seas" of Newports, or there might as well be, for the Postal Guide gives twenty-three; but the numbered street narrows the matter considerably, since only two Newports are large enough for this distinction. But that "Mon."—what does it mean? A dead-letter lynx, if she had time to stop, would tell you in a second; but she hasn't. She silently adds to this superscription, "Monmouth Co., England," and sends the delayed missive on its long journey.

"Mr. Thomas Richards, corner Main and Eagle streets, City." Doubtless Mr. Richards is very well known to his correspondent, and his local habitation also; but sixty-four cities claim the honor of a Main Street, and twenty-three wish to suggest the unblinking upward look of the eagle; therefore this address is slightly ambiguous. But the ferret family are never discouraged; they run their fingers through their bangs while they momentarily meditate; they snatch down a big book, then a little one, then a middle-sized one. Not a clew. No? Oh, certainly; it is in the city of Buffalo that Eagle Street swoops across Main, and makes a corner: where else should Mr. Thomas Richards reside? When the ferrets went to school they must have been like the cute little froggies of classic story, that learned every lesson well, and forgot never a one.

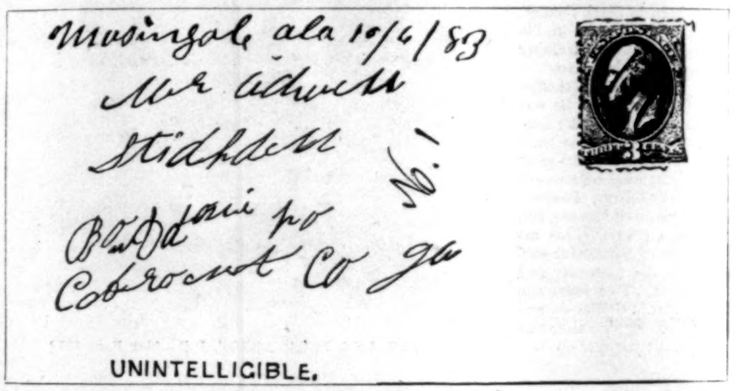
Again, a heavy cream-hued envelope, addressed in a bold, handsome hand to "Mr. Herbert Coolidge, 77 Rock Street, Providence, R. I.," arrives at the Dead-letter Office direct from Providence, Rhode Island, whose careful postmaster has had stamped upon it, "No such street in Providence." The "blind-reader" is not discouraged by so small a circumstance as this, nor by the knowledge that the entire State of Rhode Island repudiates Mr. Coolidge. That such a person exists must be quite certain. Granting this, he is to be found—that is all. Let us see: this letter was posted at Springfield, Massachusetts. Perhaps the writer has inadvertently written his own number and street, which often happens; but no, there is no Rock Street in Springfield. Twelve large cities have Rock Streets, but they do not belong to the old Bay State. The ferrets never guess; they are logical or nothing. Therefore they reason. The process is instantaneous, but it is none the less accurate and conclusive. This letter was written in Massachusetts; it belongs to Massachusetts, for Coolidge is an old Boston name. Fly for the Boston Directory: "Herbert Coolidge, 78 Kilby Street." Far-fetched but true was the inference that to this gentleman the letter belonged. When a risk is taken, as in this case, a printed slip is attached to the envelope requesting its return to the office after the delivery of the contents.

"Miss Lily A——, No. 450 Magazine Street, between Ninth and Tenth." Good so far as it goes, but fifty-six cities lay claim to a Ninth, and fifty-one to a Tenth Street, while eleven rejoice in a thoroughfare known as Magazine. Only two of the latter, however, have a Ninth and Tenth, Louisville and St. Louis, and the numbers in St. Louis do not run so high; hence the conclusion is inevitable that Miss Lily abides in Louisville. It is quite visible to these "blind-readers" that "Bamsey, South Co., Ioa.," means "Ramsey, Kossuth County," in that State; that Señor Don José Miguel Rodrigo's mail, addressed Podilla, should go to Mexico; that "Hermosa, S. M.," is intended for "Sonora, Mexico"; that "Des Moines, Prairie Co., Nebr.," should be interpreted "Belcher, Arkansas," since Nebraska has no Prairie County, but Arkansas is the only State that has, within which Des Moines also exists, but has no office, its mail being deliverable from Belcher.

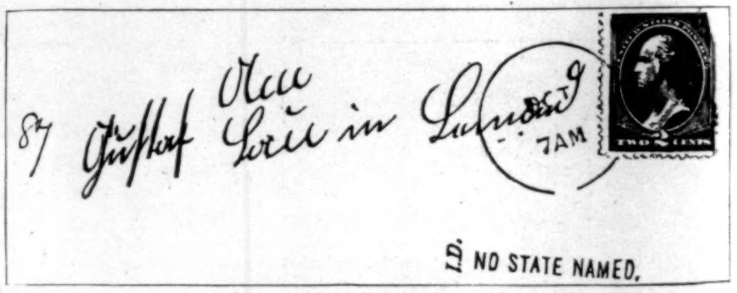
But the proficiency of those who decipher illegible addresses will be shown best by the following fac-similes, with the "blind-reader's" translation underneath each. The words "unintelligible," "misdirected," etc., are stamped on the envelope by the puzzled postmasters.


Misdirected
OIL TROUGH
MAY 9 1883
ARK.

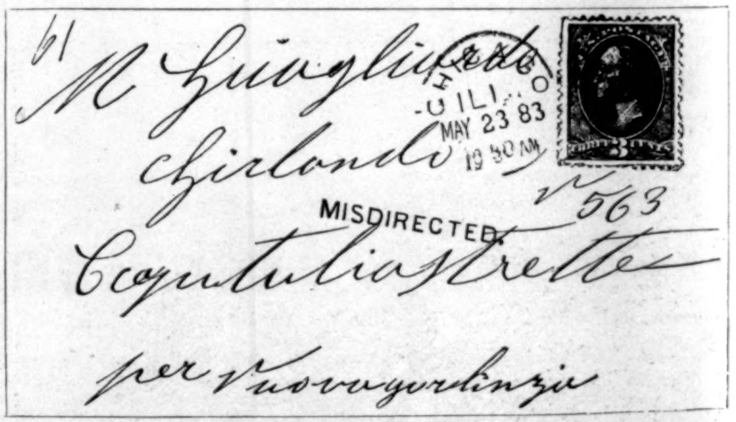
[MAT. WHITLEY, ENOLA, FAULKNER CO., ARK.]


UNINTELLIGIBLE.

[ANDREW STEPHENS, BOWDON, GA.]


7AM
NO STATE NAMED.

[GUSTAVE LAU. LEMONT, ILLINOIS.]


MAY 23 83
MISDIRECTED
563

[563 TCHOUPITOULAS ST., NEW ORLEANS, LA.]

Sometimes the postmasters make queer work of these letters. A Kentucky postmaster returned one with this information: "Sir i have made the Necessary inquiry for the addresst person on this letter and i have not found him nowhere in this county nor no such here as Wm. Nickels."

An Arkansas postmaster writes: "I have never sent no Letters from this office all the letters that has Beein sent to this office has Beein delivered to ther addres there is no person of that naim IN this county I have lived hear for 25 years and never saw this Letter tel Last Saturday nor heard of that naim Befour this the 11 of Feb. 1881."

It is impossible in a brief article to do justice to the skillful, faithful work done in this office. I have attempted only to call attention to certain salient points which seem at a glance to attract the interest of the ordinary visitor.

P. L. COLLINS.

WINTER SANITARIUMS.

LAKEWOOD.

There is a disease abroad among the prosperous citizens of New York called the disease of overcivilization. It has been known to attack the inhabitants of London, Paris, perhaps even Pekin and Philadelphia. It comes from too much crowding, too much comfort, too much furnace heat, too much sewer gas, and other such luxuries. The first victims of these features of civilization are generally women and children. The pale cheek, the lack-lustre eye, the dull headache, the feeling of lassitude, the sometimes more dangerous symptom of alternate fever and chill, greet paterfamilias on his return to the luxurious home which his industry and success in business have furnished for his drooping family. He, poor man, has had perhaps a hard day's work, softened by thought of the contentment and cheerfulness that reign at home. He has had a "change of air," and he goes home, well and hearty, to find his delicately nurtured children fading away before his eyes. He sees his wife pressing her hand to her brow; she has a headache. He asks himself, anxiously, "What is left out of this luxurious house?" It is one important gas—the breath of the country, the forest, and the sea.

"Malaria" fills his house; and not only this incomprehensible disease which afflicts so many prosperous people in cities, but the more easily understood and equally fatal maladies of the throat and lungs complicate matters. A man is troubled with a little tickling in the narrow channel below the palate. He coughs and coughs, finally eats a bronchial troche, laughs at himself, and coughs again. This goes on until he and the tickling and the cough have become altogether too intimate. He consents to see the family doctor, who says to him: "Very red spot down there; inflammation of the bronchial membrane. Better go out of town for a while." He goes with inconvenience to Florida, and gets well before he has reached Savannah. So much for change of air.

All physicians have long since understood the difficulty of curing people in the same breathed-over atmosphere in which they have been ill. No matter what system of ventilation or what sanitary conditions are observed, there is nothing like change of air.

Out of the absolute demand of the human body for fresh air has resulted the winter sanitarium. It is not necessarily a place for very sick people, for such are more comfortable at home, but for those who, like Lady Clara Vere de Vere, are "sickening of a vague disease." Near to New York, almost within the sound of its bells, has grown up within four years the fashionable and popular colony of Lakewood, to which the vast pine reserve of New Jersey, sheltering in its balsamic bosom a pretty little lake, gave the name and its *raison d'être*. Man goes back to the forest whenever he can; it is his primeval instinct. A certain tree has lately been discovered to be the best physician. The Italians are planting the eucalyptus now all over the Roman Campagna in deference to this idea; and this friendly vegetable chemist deliberately, like Queen Eleanor, sucks the poison from the wounded ground, carries it up to the invisible angel of the air, who converts it in mysterious alembics into good and healthy breathing-matter. In New Jersey for generations these pine-trees have been garnering up the best of gases for the poor unfortunates of Philadelphia and New York. They kept the secret of their apothecary's shop until Mr. Kimball, the Columbus of Lakewood, driving out of town in pursuit of health, found it under these delicious, fragrant, and patient trees, which have been called monotonous, ugly, and scrubby.

But on what tree ever grew such valuable fruit? The neigboring peach orchards are not so remunerative as these long-despised scrubby pines will soon be. A company was formed, the lake cleared of stumps, roads laid out over the flat and easily managed soil of New Jersey, and a large long parallelogram of a hotel built, in every room of which the blessed sun can pour his vivifying beams, and provided with those best of ventilators, a good chimney and an open fireplace. Cleanliness and good air, comfortable beds, a set of handsomely furnished parlors, a great wood fire in the office, around which the newly arrived travellers group themselves and the old residents linger in the evening, are some of the results of the combined wisdom and capital of a few Wall Street gentlemen of wealth, who are now reaping a rich reward from their health-giving enterprise.

Lakewood is in that little bend of the coast which at Atlantic City receives the kiss of the Gulf Stream. Its climate is delightful, and owing to its sheltered position, several degrees warmer than that of New York. Like Devonshire, in England, it is shut in from the north and west, and is only reached from the "sweet south," over a sand bank. The pine forest, curiously intersected with roads deftly constructed, affords a drive of two or three hours through vast cathedral aisles of slender and Gothic shapes. Silence, the eloquent silence of nature, and an ever-increasing sense of the balsamic and nutritious atmosphere, soothe the irritated nerve, remove the languor, and beguile away the headache. It becomes a pleasure to breathe, a luxury to live. On the fifth day of December there was a blaze of sunshine which was worthy of the summer. At the hotel a spirit of quietude seemed to possess the soul; invalid ladies in their rolling chairs were moved up and down the piazzas; the rooms, full of blossoming plants and singing birds, were thrown open to the balmy air; and children, with their long curls floating, danced up and down in the grounds. The ocean, nine miles off, sent a salt reminder of himself to strengthen the pines. The quality of the air was wonderful—clear, bracing, and health-giving—and when the weather is cold, shelter may always be had in the pines, and within-doors there are wood fires, fed liberally with the scrub oak which abounds, and cheerful company. The house is heated in the halls by steam, and the piazzas inclosed by glass, so that even on a rainy or snowy day the most delicate persons can exercise without danger.

It has been urged by a traveller that the wood-boxes outside the door of each bedroom have made Lakewood. There is, indeed, a wealth of beneficence in the very idea of being allowed to replenish one's own fire, and these wood-boxes, with their neat kindlings and their well-sawn logs, are so opportune and generous that they seem to be a perennial Christmas present. Even the disturbed citizen, who, feeling perfectly well, has been brought to Lakewood by his wife or daughter, or perhaps by the vision of a pair of bright eyes, and who, in the interregnum of devotion, finds life stupid, is appeased by the wood-box. There is a future for him, with a newspaper and a cigar, one which he can light up at least with a wood fire. Cupid, with his usual observance of the fashions, has found himself afflicted with the disease of civilization. He too has gone to Lakewood for treatment. So long as it is not frozen over, the lake is very pleasant to row upon. There are good boats, and with youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm, they are easily managed. A bowling-alley and a billiard-room afford other facilities for getting rid of a morning. And what a place it is for long walks! One can easily get lost in the woods, and two have been known to find it not more difficult. There are treasures of moss and berries and laurel and evergreen and cranberry to be sought after, and sheltered seats under the pines. Those old guardians of the soil seem a special providence to a *tête-à-tête*. Nature is always sympathetic under such trying circumstances, and every wanderer is found before dinner or tea.

When the lake is frozen over there is excellent skating, and here also two are needed to execute the "figure of eight."

There are excellent horses and carriages at Lakewood, and the drives to Toms River, to the model farm of John P. Haines, Esq., well repays a visit; or a drive to Freehold, or through the pines, north, south, and west, or to the ocean, can not fail of being beneficial and pleasant. There is no scenery to admire, no possible excitement, nothing to look at except the sunset; but it is strange how soon one forgets, in the bliss of the air, that any such things are necessary. Life in the hotel resembles life on shipboard, and the proprietors, in adding to their house, have concluded to provide more facilities for amusement. A large parlor for dancing, music, dramatic readings, concerts, and charades will gratify a great want, but so fashionable and popular is the Laurel House that in the season one must secure a room two or three weeks before it will be needed.

The tables are served by neat-handed maidens from New Hampshire, each one with her abundant hair *à la Langtry*, and a demure white apron over a neat merino gown. A few men assist at the tables, and every one is low-voiced, respectful, and attentive. The food might be better and more abundant, although the milk (from the Haines prize cows) is delicious, the bread good, and the coffee excellent; but one does miss the turkey roasted before the fire, the broiled chicken, the partridge, and the game of the Jersey coast. The meats have a taste of being steamed, and present one universal flavor. The proprietors should respect that magnificent appetite which their woods evoke, and grant to its imperial demands a very good dinner. Some colored cooks from Baltimore or Philadelphia, a French cook to prepare those *entremets* which the invalid likes, or even a very good Yankee *cordon bleu*, with the added luxury, so easily obtained, of fresh fish and oysters, would add very much to the pleasures of Lakewood; for when people are lazy they are amused with good food, and when they are recovering from an illness, and the appetite is capricious, they need it.

The *modus operandi* of getting to a place should be plainly stated in any such paper as this. Trains leave New York, *vià* Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, Long Branch Division, foot of Liberty Street, three times daily, 8.15 A.M., 1.30 P.M., and 4.30 P.M., reaching Lakewood in two hours. The last-mentioned train is the most agreeable, a parlor car going through without change. Three hundred guests can be well accommodated at the Laurel House, and it is only fair to say that it is generally full from January to June.

Physicians are united in recommending Lakewood, and even go so far as to declare that the quiet there, which some people call stupidity, is a part of that "knitting up of the ravelled sleave of care" which perhaps is the best medicine for the overoxygenated brain.

But the breath of the pines is the real antidote. Seventeen thousand acres of pine forest, a sandy soil, a sheltered locality, wood fires, and the not too near but healthful neighborhood of the Atlantic—these are real and constitutional correctives of malaria, that inexplicable and dangerous genie whom modern civilization has let out of his box, but who, like his prototype in the *Arabian Nights*, refuses to be put back again. The fact that driving in the pine forests imparts a most splendid color to the cheek and adds a new brilliancy to the eyes may not be unworthy of the attention of those ladies who seek a change of air.

For children Lakewood is an admirable place. The early hours, the neatness, equable air, and good milk, the whole of New Jersey for a playground out-of-doors and the long glass-covered piazzas within (a group of pretty children dancing through these by moonlight to their own singing remains a picture in the memory)—all make it a paradise for city children. They row or go skating on the lake, they take donkey rides, and long rambles in search of nuts and other woodland treasures, and they seem never to be either noisy or discontented.

For young people who have reached the ring-dove period of human life there are horseback rides and long, quiet drives. Many young men take down their dog-carts, mail phaetons, tilburys, and buggies; the small village cart is not unknown, nor is the local barouche and victoria overlooked.

All these luxuries are, of course, costly. The Laurel House is as expensive as houses of its kind usually are. To build a Newport in the wilderness has cost money, and as there is no competition, one must pay for the delicious air of Lakewood.

THE LIQUOR QUESTION.

No economical question has come to the front more resolutely of late than the question how to deal with the traffic in intoxicating liquors. It has evidently "come to stay," and will be an increasingly perplexing element in all political calculations. Like the slavery agitation, it takes strong hold on the moral convictions of multitudes.

Thirty-two years ago the original "Maine law" for the suppression of tippling-houses was enacted (by a Democratic Legislature) in a State whose population were mainly total abstainers from alcoholic beverages. The stringent prohibitory legislation of Maine was speedily followed by that of eight or nine other States; in some of them it has been repealed, but to-day the principle of prohibition remains ingrafted on the statute-books of Maine, Vermont, and Kansas. There is also a local prohibitory act in force in Vineland, New Jersey, and in many towns and counties of Georgia, South Carolina, and perhaps some other States. The constitutionality of prohibition has been repeatedly affirmed in the highest courts; it stands, just as the license system stands, on the same foundation with quarantine regulations, or with the law forbidding powder-mills in the heart of a city. If the commonwealth finds the dram-shop a fruitful source of pauperism and crime, it has a clear, undeniable right either to limit it or to suppress it entirely. "Salus populi suprema lex."

About the constitutionality of prohibitory legislation there is no serious dispute; the real difficulty is with regard to its practicability and the possibility of enforcing it. A dead law is as useless and inodorous as a dead man. The experience of Maine, Vermont, and Kansas has established one fact—that the enforcement of suppressive laws depends entirely upon the wishes of the majority in the different localities. Wherever the local public sentiment elects magistrates who will enforce the law, it is fairly enforced; this is the case in very many localities of those three States, especially in the rural districts. Wherever the majority choose officers who will wink at the violation of the law, either in part or wholly, there prohibition is practically a dead letter. For example, the public authorities of the city of Bangor, Maine, created at one time no small scandal by permitting the dram-shops to keep open doors, and it is charged against the present authorities of Portland that they allow no small amount of liquor-selling to go unpunished. In the river towns of Kansas the same state of things exists. The written law of a whole State is the actually enforced law of such portions of the State as decree its enforcement by their ballots. That this is not the most healthful mode of dealing with the solemnities of law goes without saying.

These facts seem to point clearly to the rightfulness and expediency of one method of dealing with the dram-shop, and that is the method of *local control*. This principle is as essentially democratic as was the original "town-meeting" of primitive New England, which lies at the foundation of our whole structure of government. If the citizens of any township or municipality regard the existence of tippling-houses as inimical to their best interest, they should be permitted either to limit them by a high license fee or to prohibit them altogether. Because the city of Trenton desires to license dram-shops, that is no reason why the community of Vineland, in the same State, should be compelled to live under a license law. In New York city the excise system has notoriously failed to exert any repressive control of the business of grog-selling; but that fact should not prevent the inhabitants of any township or village in Oneida County from excluding every house of public temptation from their borders. "Those who dance must pay the fiddler" (and New York pays roundly); but it is hard that a community who abhor the dance should not be allowed to clear out the frolic and the fiddler too.

This just and republican principle of local control is now being fairly tested in Georgia and South Carolina—where the whiskey shops have proved so dangerous and demoralizing to both negroes and poor whites. The counties and the incorporated towns who petition for the privilege receive from the State Legislature the legal right to suppress tippling-houses under severe penalties. This local prohibition has been voted for in many localities; its permanent enforcement will depend entirely on the stamina of the people and their elected authorities. As an honest experiment of self-government in a peculiarly difficult direction, it is of prodigious importance; its *educating* influence on the people can not well be overestimated. Its success will be a priceless blessing to the South.

The method of "high license fees" has been adopted in Illinois and in Iowa and some other portions of the West. This system closes up a great number of haunts of temptation to the working classes, and is to that degree beneficial. Better this "half a loaf" than a whole liquor cask without any bung. The friends of order and morality will make a serious mistake if they do not aid in the enforcement of this experimental legislation. If it works well, it may be a stepping-stone toward the more complete abatement of a colossal evil.

One significant fact must not be lost sight of: the restrictive legislation against dram-shops has seldom or never been gained by the creation of a "third party." The Legislatures that have passed prohibitory enactments (general or local) have either been decidedly Democratic, as in Maine, Georgia, and South Carolina, or else decidedly Republican, as in Vermont and in Kansas. A third party, founded on this single idea, has never attained to the control of a majority. It is not even a "make-weight" in legislation, for it so seldom succeeds in electing members of legislative bodies. The temperance *idea* is exerting an increasingly powerful influence within both the great parties; but it is not likely to create a permanent and dominant third party in any State of our Union. Theo. L. Cuyler.

GEORGE FULLER.

The late George Fuller, of Boston, whose portrait is given on page 217, exerted a wide-spread influence on the art of this country, and was in some respects the most remarkable artist that it has produced. He was a man of commanding genius, and, like more than one of the greatest French artists of this century, he achieved his reputation only at the close of his career.

The great distinction of Fuller's art lies in its imaginative quality, and in the powerful poetic sentiment which inspires it. His romanticism was veiled in a treatment both subtle and enchanting, and almost every canvas that he has left has an irresistible fascination.

George Fuller was in his sixty-second year, and his loss is the more deeply felt because he was convinced, and he in turn convinced all that knew him, that he was only entering upon the fullness of his powers, and that all that had gone before was but preliminary to the real achievements of his artistic ambition.

BREAKING OUT THROUGH THE ICE.

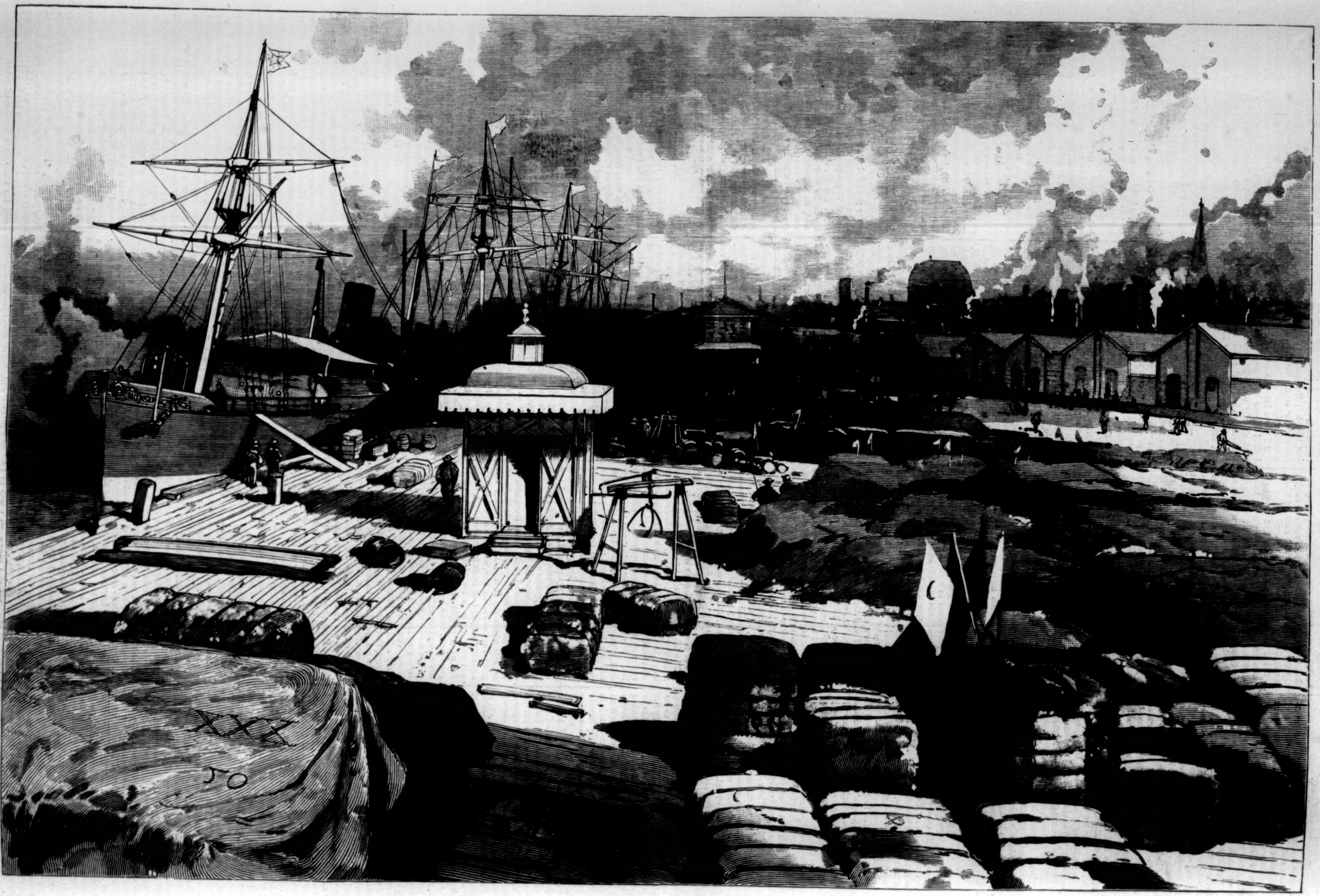
On page 221 we present the picture of a stirring scene which took place on the 10th of last month in the harbor of St. Johns, Newfoundland, when the St. Johns and Dundee sealing fleet broke its way out through the heavy ice, and took its departure for arctic waters. The fleet was led by the *Arctic*, of Dundee, the largest sealing and whaling vessel afloat. The sight was one not easily to be forgotten. Crowds of people skated alongside the vessels, bidding good-by to their friends on board. The possibility that some ship belonging to this fleet may fall in with the members of the Greely party somewhere in the Arctic regions, adds interest to the incident depicted by our artist.

DR. EZRA ABBOT.

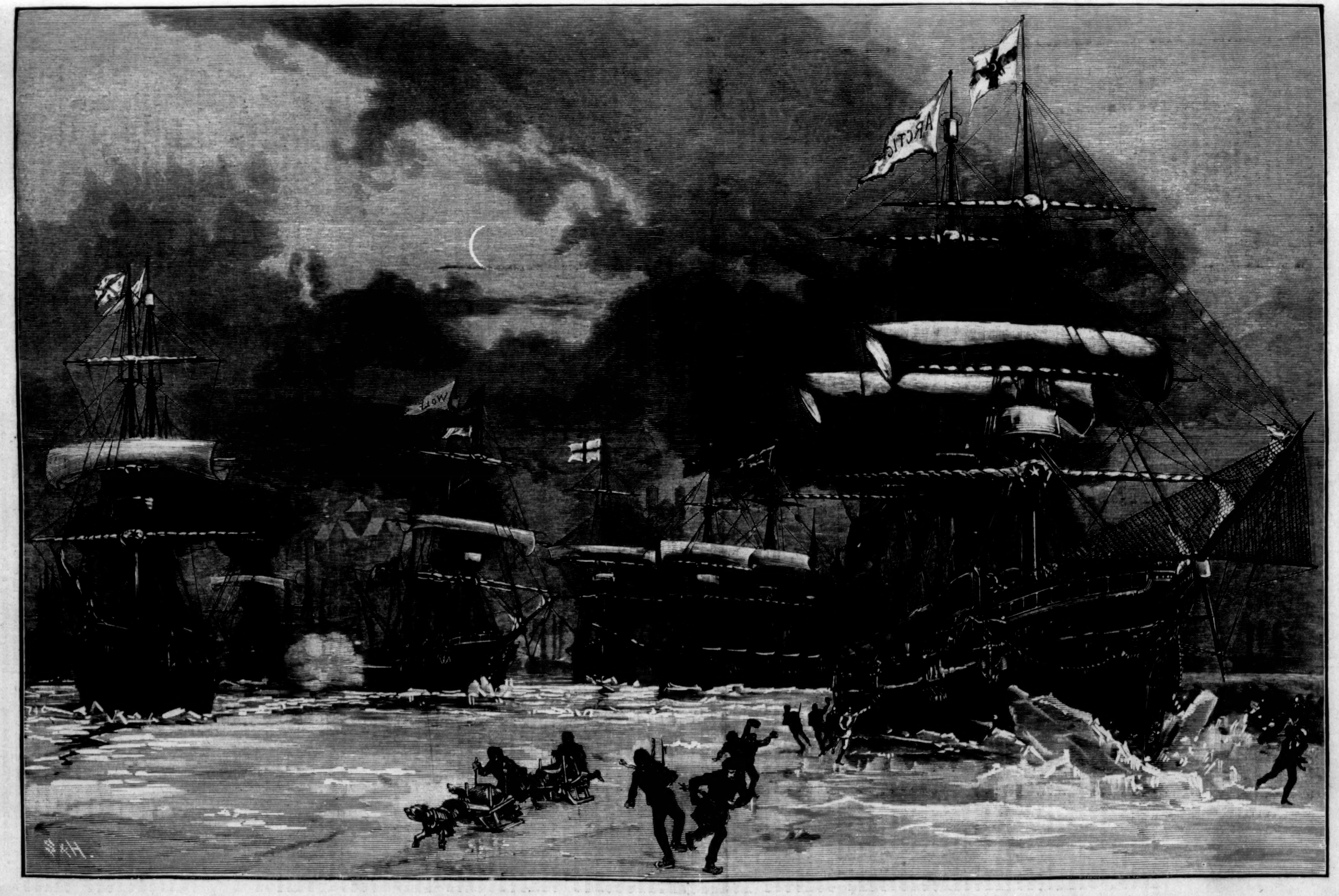
On Friday, the 21st of March, at half past five in the evening, passed away quietly and peacefully as he had lived one of the greatest scholars of the age. On Tuesday, a bright spring day, his remains were brought to Appleton Chapel of the University of Cambridge, and after appropriate addresses and prayers were committed to mother earth in Mount Auburn Cemetery, in the presence of a large number of friends from home and from a distance.

Dr. Ezra Abbot, Bussey Professor of New Testament Criticism and Interpretation, was born April 28, 1819, in a little village in Maine, was graduated at Bowdoin College, taught school, was made Assistant Librarian of Harvard College, and at last Professor in the Divinity School. He continued to perform his duties till within a few weeks before his death, although his physical sufferings from asthma and an internal disorder had reduced him to a mere shadow.

Dr. Abbot was one of the most modest and retiring of men, who spent his life in his study, and whose chief delight was the pursuit of truth. He had an extraordinary knowledge of books, and as librarian introduced a most thorough system of cataloguing. His chief department was Biblical literature. He was *facile princeps* in textual criticism. No American scholar was his equal, and scarcely a European scholar his superior, in the knowledge of ancient manuscripts, versions, and patristic quotations of the Greek Testament. His very last labor was a complete classified list of all the uncial and cursive MSS., which he furnished for a revised edition of Schaff's *Companion to the Greek Testament* (published by the Harpers), and the reading of proof for Dr. Gregory's forth-coming *Prolegomena* to Tischendorf's last edition. His knowledge was thorough and accurate. He had a microscopic eye for the smallest details. His judgment was clear, calm, and judicial. He was one of the most faithful and useful members of the American Bible Revision Committee, and suggested many happy improvements of text and rendering. He was ever ready in the most unselfish spirit to give to others the benefit of his rare information. He edited with Dr. Harkett, and greatly improved, the American edition of Smith's *Bible Dictionary*, in four volumes (1869–70), wrote one of the best vindications of the Johannean authorship of the fourth Gospel (1880), revised and completed Hudson's *Critical Greek and English Concordance of the New Testament* (seventh edition, 1882), contributed the article on the text of the New Testament to Schaff's *Religious Encyclopædia*, and prepared a considerable portion of Gregory's *Prolegomena* to Tischendorf's Greek Testament, which, when published, will be a permanent monument to American scholarship. Personally Dr. Abbot was one of the purest, most conscientious, amiable, and generous of men, of a reverent and devout mind and tender heart. Altogether his loss is irreparable, and his place as a master of textual criticism will remain vacant for a long time.



THE NEW ORLEANS LEVEES.—Drawn by Charles Graham from a Sketch by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 223.]



BREAKING OUT THROUGH THE ICE—THE SEALING FLEET LEAVING ST. JOHNS, NEWFOUNDLAND.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan from a Sketch by J. W. Hayward.—[See Page 219.]

"I SAY NO:"*

OR,

THE LOVE-LETTER ANSWERED.

By WILKIE COLLINS,

Author of "My Lady's Money," "The Moonstone," "No Name," "The Woman in White," etc.

BOOK THE THIRD.

THE SPELL.

CHAPTER XXXII.

IN THE GRAY ROOM.

The house inhabited by Miss Ladd and her pupils had been built in the early part of the present century, by a wealthy merchant proud of his money, and eager to distinguish himself as the owner of the largest country-seat in the neighborhood.

After his death Miss Ladd had taken Netherwoods (as the place was called), finding her own house insufficient for the accommodation of the increasing number of her pupils. A lease was granted to her on moderate terms. Netherwoods failed to attract persons of distinction in search of a country residence. The grounds were beautiful; but no landed property—not even a park—was attached to the house. Excepting the few acres on which the building stood, the surrounding land belonged to a retired naval officer of old family, who resented the attempt of a merchant of low birth to assume the position of a gentleman. No matter what proposals might be made to the admiral, he refused them all. The privilege of shooting was not one of the attractions offered to tenants; the country presented no facilities for hunting; and the only stream in the neighborhood was not preserved. In consequence of these drawbacks, the merchant's representatives had to choose between a proposal to use Netherwoods as a lunatic asylum, or to accept as tenant the respectable mistress of a fashionable and prosperous school. They decided in favor of Miss Ladd.

The contemplated change in Francine's position was accomplished, in that vast house, without inconvenience. There were rooms unoccupied, even when the limit assigned to the number of pupils had been reached. On the re-opening of the school Francine was offered her choice between two rooms on one of the upper stories and two on the ground-floor. She chose these last.

Her sitting-room and bedroom, situated at the back of the house, communicated with each other. The sitting-room, ornamented with a pretty paper of delicate gray, and furnished with curtains of the same color, had been accordingly named "The Gray Room." It had a French window, which opened on the terrace overlooking the garden and the grounds. Some fine old engravings from the grand landscapes of Claude (part of a collection of prints possessed by Miss Ladd's father) hung on the walls. The carpet was in harmony with the curtains, and the furniture was of light-colored wood, which helped the general effect of subdued brightness that made the charm of the room. "If you are not happy here," Miss Ladd said, "I despair of you." And Francine answered, "Yes, it's very pretty; but I wish it was not so small."

On the twelfth of August the regular routine of the school was resumed. Alban Morris found two strangers in his class, to fill the vacancies left by Emily and Cecilia. Mrs. Ellmother was duly established in her new place. She produced an unfavorable impression in the servants' hall, not (as the handsome chief house-maid explained) because she was ugly and old, but because she was "a person who didn't talk." The prejudice against habitual silence, among the lower order of the people, is almost as inveterate as the prejudice against red hair.

In the evening, on that first day of renewed studies—while the girls were in the grounds, after tea—Francine had at last completed the arrangement of her rooms, and had dismissed Mrs. Ellmother (kept hard at work since the morning) to take a little rest. Standing alone at her window, the West Indian heiress wondered what she had better do next. She glanced at the girls on the lawn, and decided that they were unworthy of serious notice on the part of a person so specially favored as herself. She turned sideways, and looked along the length of the terrace. At the far end a tall man was slowly pacing to and fro, with his head down and his hands in his pockets. Francine recognized the rude drawing master, who had torn up his view of the village, after she had saved it from being blown into the pond.

She stepped out on the terrace, and called to him. He stopped, and looked up.

"Do you want me?" he called back.

"Of course I do!"

She advanced a little to meet him, and offered encouragement under the form of a hard smile. Although his manners might be unpleasant, he had claims on the indulgence of a young lady who was at a loss how to employ her idle time. In the first place, he was a man. In the second place, he was not as old as the music master, or as ugly as the dancing master. In the third place, he was an admirer of Emily; and the opportunity of trying to shake his allegiance by means of a flirtation, in Emily's absence, was too good an opportunity to be lost.

"Do you remember how rude you were to me on the day when you were sketching in the summer-house?" Francine asked, with snappish playfulness. "I expect you to make yourself agreeable this time—I am going to pay you a compliment."

He waited, with exasperating composure, to hear what the proposed compliment might be. The furrow between his eyebrows looked deeper than ever. There were signs of secret trouble in that dark face, so grimly and so resolutely composed. The school, without Emily, presented the severest trial of endurance that he had encountered since the day when he had been deserted and disgraced by his affianced wife.

"You are an artist," Francine proceeded, "and therefore a person of taste. I want to have your opinion of my sitting-room. Criticism is invited; pray come in."

He seemed to be unwilling to accept the invitation, then altered his mind, and followed Francine. She had visited Emily; she was, perhaps, in a fair way to become Emily's friend. He remembered that he had already lost an opportunity of studying her character, and—if he saw the necessity—of warning Emily not to encourage the advances of Miss De Sor.

"Very pretty," he remarked, looking round the room—without appearing to care for anything in it except the prints.

Francine was bent on fascinating him. She raised her eyebrows and lifted her hands in playful remonstrance. "Do remember it's *my* room," she said, "and take some little interest in it for *my* sake."

"What do you want me to say?" he asked.

"Come and sit down by me." She made room for him on the sofa. Her one favorite aspiration—the longing to excite envy in others—expressed itself in her next words. "Say something pretty," she answered; "say you would like to have such a room as this."

"I should like to have your prints," he remarked. "Will that do?"

"It wouldn't do—from anybody else. Ah, Mr. Morris, I know why you are not as nice as you might be! You are not happy. The school has lost its one attraction in losing our dear Emily. You feel it—I know you feel it." She assisted this expression of sympathy to produce the right effect by a sigh. "What would I not give to inspire such devotion as yours! I don't envy Emily; I only wish—" She paused in confusion, and opened her fan. "Isn't it pretty?" she said, with an ostentatious appearance of changing the subject. Alban behaved like a monster; he began to talk of the weather.

"I think this is the hottest day we have had," he said; "no wonder you want your fan. Netherwoods is an airless place at this season of the year."

She controlled her temper. "I do indeed feel the heat," she admitted, with a resignation which gently reproved him; "it is so heavy and oppressive here, after Brighton. Perhaps my sad life, far away from home and friends, makes me sensitive to trifles. Do you think so, Mr. Morris?"

The merciless man said he thought it was the situation of the house. "Miss Ladd took the place in the spring," he said, "and only discovered the one objection to it some months afterward. We are in the highest part of the valley here; but, you see, it's a valley surrounded by hills, and on three sides the hills are near us. All very well in winter, but in summer I have known girls in this school so out of health in the relaxing atmosphere that they have been sent home again."

Francine suddenly showed an interest in what he was saying. If he had cared to observe her closely—if he had only looked at her—he must have noticed it.

"Do you mean that the girls were really ill?" she asked.

"No. They slept badly—lost appetite—started at trifling noises. In short, their nerves were out of order."

"Did they get well again at home, in another air?"

"Not a doubt of it," he answered, beginning to get weary of the subject. "May I look at your books?"

Francine's interest in the influence of different atmospheres on health was not exhausted yet. "Do you know where the girls lived when they were at home?" she inquired.

"I know where one of them lived. She was the best pupil I ever had—and I remember she lived in Yorkshire." He was so weary of the idle curiosity—as it appeared to him—which persisted in asking trifling questions, that he left his seat and crossed the room. "May I look at your books?" he repeated.

"Oh yes."

The conversation was suspended for a while. The lady thought, "I should like to box his ears!" The gentleman thought, "She's only an inquisitive fool, after all!" His examination of her books confirmed him in the delusion that there was really nothing in Francine's character which rendered it necessary to caution Emily against the advances of her new friend. Turning away from the book-case he made the first excuse that occurred to him for putting an end to the interview.

"I must beg you to let me return to my duties, Miss De Sor. I have to correct the young ladies' drawings before they begin again to-morrow."

Francine's wounded vanity made a last expiring attempt to steal the heart of Emily's lover.

"You remind me that I have a favor to ask," she said. "I don't attend the other classes; but I should so like to join *your* class! May I?" She looked up at him with a languishing appearance of entreaty which sorely tried Alban's capacity to keep his face in serious order. He acknowledged the compliment paid to him in studiously commonplace terms, and got a little nearer to the open window. Francine's obstinacy was not conquered yet.

"My education has been badly neglected," she continued; "but I have had some little instruction in drawing. You will not find me so ignorant as some of the other girls." She waited a little, anticipating a few complimentary words. Alban waited also—in silence. "I shall look forward with pleasure to my lessons under such an artist as yourself," she went on, and waited again, and was disappointed again. "Perhaps," she resumed, "I may become your favorite pupil—who knows?"

"Who indeed!"

It was not much to say, when he spoke at last, but it was enough to encourage Francine. She called him "Dear Mr. Morris"; she pleaded for permission to take her first lesson immediately; she clasped her hands—"Please say Yes."

"I can't say Yes till you have complied with the rules."

"Are they *your* rules?"

She looked at him with eyes which expressed the readiest submission—in that case. He entirely failed to see it; he said they were Miss Ladd's rules—and wished her good-evening.

She watched him, walking away down the terrace. How was he paid? Did he receive a yearly salary, or did he get a little extra money for each new pupil who took drawing lessons? In this last case Francine saw her opportunity (in the popular phrase) of being even with him. "You brute! catch me attending your class!"

CHAPTER XXXIII.

RECOLLECTIONS OF SAN DOMINGO.

The night was oppressively hot. Finding it impossible to sleep, Francine lay quietly in her bed, thinking. The subject of her reflections was a person who occupied the humble position of her new servant.

Mrs. Ellmother looked wretchedly ill. Mrs. Ellmother had told Emily that her object in returning to domestic service was to try if change would relieve her from the oppression of her own thoughts. Mrs. Ellmother believed in vulgar superstitions which declared Friday to be an unlucky day, and which recommended throwing a pinch over your left shoulder if you happened to spill the salt.

In themselves these were trifling recollections; but they assumed a certain importance, derived from the associations which they called forth. They reminded Francine, by some mental process which she was at a loss to trace, of Sappho the slave, and of her life at San Domingo.

She struck a light, and unlocked her writing-desk. From one of the drawers she took out an old household account-book.

The first page contained some entries, relating to domestic expenses, in her own handwriting. They recalled one of her efforts to occupy her idle time by relieving her mother of the cares of housekeeping. For a day or two she had persevered, and then she had ceased to feel any interest in her new employment. The remainder of the book was completely filled up in a beautifully clear handwriting, beginning on the second page. A title had been found for the manuscript by Francine. She had written at the top of the page, "Sappho's Nonsense."

After reading the first few sentences she rapidly turned over the leaves, and stopped at a blank space near the end of the book. Here again she had added a title. This time it implied a compliment to the writer. The page was headed, "Sappho's Sense."

She read this latter part of the manuscript with the closest attention:

"I entreat my kind and dear young mistress not to suppose that I believe in witchcraft, after such an education as I have received. When I wrote down, at your bidding, all that I had told you by word of mouth, I can not imagine what delusion possessed me. You say I have a negro side to my character, which I inherit from my mother. Did you mean this, dear mistress, as a joke? I am almost afraid that it is sometimes not far off from the truth.

"Let me be careful, however, to avoid leading you into a mistake. It is really true that the man-slave I spoke of did pine and die, after the spell had been cast on him by my witch-mother's image of wax. But I ought also to have told you that circumstances favored the working of the spell; the fatal end was not brought about by supernatural means.

"The poor wretch was not in good health at the time, and our owner had occasion to employ him in a valley of the island far inland. I have been told, and can well believe, that the climate there is different from the climate on the coast—in which the unfortunate slave had been accustomed to live. The overseer wouldn't believe him when he said the valley air would be his death; and the negroes, who might otherwise have helped him, all avoided a man whom they knew to be under the spell.

"This, you see, accounts for what might appear incredible to civilized persons. If you will do me a favor, you will burn this little book as soon as you have read what I have written here. If my request is not granted, I can only implore you to let no eyes but your own see these pages. My life might be in danger if the blacks knew what I have now told you, in the interests of truth."

Francine closed the book, and locked it up again in her desk. "Now I know," she said to herself, "what reminded me of San Domingo."

When Francine rang her bell the next morning, so long a time elapsed without producing an answer that she began to think of sending one of the house-servants to make inquiries. Before she could decide, Mrs. Ellmother presented herself, and offered her apologies.

"It's the first time I have overslept myself, miss, since I was a girl. Please to excuse me; it sha'n't happen again."

"Do you find that the air here makes you drowsy?" Francine asked.

Mrs. Ellmother shook her head. "I didn't get to sleep," she said, "till morning, and so I was too heavy to be up in time. But air has got nothing to do with it. Gentlefolks may have their whims and fancies. All air is the same to people like me."

"You enjoy good health, Mrs. Ellmother."

"Why not, miss? I have never had a doctor."

"Oh! That's your opinion of doctors, is it?"

"I won't have anything to do with them—if that's what you mean by my opinion," Mrs. Ellmother answered, doggedly. "How will you have your hair done?"

"The same as yesterday. Have you seen anything of Miss Emily? She went back to London the day after you left us."

"I haven't been in London. I'm thankful to say my lodgings are let to a good tenant."

"Then where have you lived while you were waiting to come here?"

"I had only one place to go to, miss; I went to the village where I was born. A friend found a corner for me. Ah, dear heart, it's a pleasant place there!"

"A place like this?"

"Lord help you! As little like this as chalk is to cheese. A fine big moor, miss, in Cumberland, without a tree in sight—look where you may. Something like a wind, I can tell you, when it takes to blowing there."

"Have you never been in this part of the country?"

"Not I! When I left the North, my new mistress took me to Canada. Talk about air! If there was anything in it, the people in *that* air ought to live to be a hundred. I liked Canada."

"And who was your next mistress?"

Thus far Mrs. Ellmother had been ready enough to talk. Had she failed to hear what Francine had just said to her? or had she some reason for feeling reluctant to answer? In any case, a spirit of taciturnity took sudden possession of her: she was silent.

Francine (as usual) persisted. "Was your next place in service with Miss Emily's aunt?"

"Yes."

"Did the old lady always live in London?"

"No."

"What part of the country did she live in?"

"Kent."

"Among the hop gardens?"

"No."

"In what other part, then?"

"Isle of Thanet."

"Near the sea-coast?"

"Yes."

Even Francine could insist no longer: Mrs. Ellmother's reserve had beaten her—for that day at least. "Go into the hall," she said, "and see if there are any letters for me in the rack."

There was one letter bearing the Swiss postmark. Simple Cecilia was flattered and delighted by the charming manner in which Francine had written to her. She looked forward with impatience to the time when their present acquaintance might ripen into friendship. Would "dear Miss De Sor" waive all ceremony and consent to be a guest (later in the autumn) at her father's house? Circumstances connected with her sister's health would delay their return to England for a little while. By the end of the month she hoped to be at home again, and to hear if Francine was disengaged. Her address in England was Monksmoor Park, Hants.

Having read the letter, Francine drew a moral from it: "There is great use in a fool, when one knows how to manage her."

Having little appetite for her breakfast, she tried the experiment of a walk on the terrace. Alban Morris was right; the air at Netherwoods in summer-time *was* relaxing. The morning mist still hung over the lowest part of the valley, between the village and the hills beyond. A little exercise produced a feeling of fatigue. Francine returned to her room and trifled with her tea and toast.

Her next proceeding was to open her writing-desk and look into the old account-book once more. While it lay open on her lap she recalled what had passed that morning between Mrs. Ellmother and herself.

The old woman had been born and bred in the North on an open moor. She had been removed to the keen air of Canada when she left her birthplace. She had been in service after that on the breezy eastward coast of Kent. Would the change to the climate of Netherwoods produce any effect on Mrs. Ellmother? At her age, and with her seasoned constitution, would she feel it as those school-girls had felt it—especially that one among them who lived in the bracing air of the North, the air of Yorkshire?

Weary of solitary thinking on one subject, Francine returned to the terrace with a vague idea of finding something to amuse her—that is to say, something she could turn into ridicule—if she joined the girls.

The next morning Mrs. Ellmother answered her mistress's bell without delay. "You have slept better this time," Francine said.

"No, miss. When I did get to sleep I was troubled by dreams. Another bad night—and no mistake!"

"I suspect your mind is not quite at ease," Francine suggested.

"Why do you suspect that, if you please?"

"You talked, when I met you at Miss Emily's, of wanting to get away from your own thoughts. Has the change to this place helped you?"

"It hasn't helped me as I expected. Some people's thoughts stick fast."

"Remorseful thoughts?" Francine inquired.

Mrs. Ellmother held up her forefinger, and shook it with a gesture of reproof. "I thought we agreed, miss, that there was to be no pumping."

The business of the toilet proceeded in silence.

A week passed. During an interval in the labors of the school Miss Ladd knocked at the door of Francine's room.

"I want to speak to you, my dear, about Mrs.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1409.

Ellmother. Have you noticed that she doesn't seem to be in good health?"

"She looks rather pale, Miss Ladd."

"It's more serious than that, Francine. The servants tell me that she has hardly any appetite. She herself acknowledges that she sleeps badly. I noticed her yesterday evening in the garden under the school-room window. One of the girls dropped a dictionary. She started at that slight noise as if it terrified her. Her nerves are seriously out of order. Can you prevail upon her to see the doctor?"

Francine hesitated, and made an excuse. "I think she would be much more likely, Miss Ladd, to listen to you. Do you mind speaking to her?"

"Certainly not."

Mrs. Ellmother was immediately sent for. "What is your pleasure, miss?" she said to Francine.

Miss Ladd interposed. "It is I who wish to speak to you, Mrs. Ellmother. For some days past I have been sorry to see you looking so ill."

"I never was ill in my life, ma'am."

Miss Ladd gently persisted. "I hear that you have lost your appetite."

"I never was a great eater, ma'am."

It was evidently useless to risk any further allusion to Mrs. Ellmother's symptoms. Miss Ladd tried another method of persuasion. "I dare say I may be mistaken," she said; "but I do really feel anxious about you. To set my mind at rest, will you see the doctor?"

"The doctor! Do you think I'm going to begin taking physic at my time of life? Lord, ma'am! you do amuse me—you do indeed!" She burst into a sudden fit of laughter—the hysterical laughter which is on the verge of tears. With a desperate effort she controlled herself. "Please don't make a fool of me again," she said, and left the room.

"What do you think now?" Miss Ladd asked.

Francine appeared to be still on her guard. "I don't know what to think," she said, evasively.

Miss Ladd looked at her in silent surprise, and withdrew.

Left by herself, Francine sat with her elbows on the table and her face in her hands, absorbed in thought. After a long interval she opened her desk—and hesitated. She took a sheet of note-paper—and paused, as if still in doubt. She snatched up her pen, with a sudden recovery of resolution—and addressed these lines to the landlady of a hotel in London:

"When I was placed under your care, on the night of my arrival from the West Indies, you kindly said I might ask you for any little service which might be within your power. I shall be greatly obliged to you if you can obtain for me, and send to this place, a supply of artists' modelling wax—sufficient for the production of a small image."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PRECIOUS STONES, PAST AND PRESENT.

We can imitate and do imitate those exquisite crystals called precious stones, some of them with astonishing exactness; but after all is done there still remains something lacking in the artificial stone. Wise men may elaborate a prosaic chemistry, producing crystals which they declare to be fac-similes of nature's delightful gems; but the world will not accept the ruddy residue of a crucible full of oxides as rubies, or the shining fragments of calcined bisulphides as emeralds. No crucible yet constructed can hold a native sapphire, and all the alchemy of man directed to this point has failed to extort from carbon the secret of its diamond—the little crystal that earth with all her chemisty has made so few of since first heat and water, Nature's gemsmiths, joined their forces to produce the glittering stones. They placed under requisition every kingdom of created things, and in a laboratory in mid-earth set in joint motion all the powers that move the volcano and the earthquake, that re-fashion the world's form and substance, that govern all the stately procession of natural phenomena. Yet with all this Titanic labor, this monstrous co-operation of forces, Nature formed only here and there a diamond, and here and there a ruby. Masses of quartz crystals of every exquisite tint, amethystine and blue, more beautiful, perhaps, in delicacy of hue than gems themselves, were sown among the rocks and scattered along the sands, but only to tell us how near Nature came to making her jewels common, and how, just when the last touch was needed, she withheld her hand, that man should confess the supreme triumphs of her art were indeed "precious."

Ages ago, when the list of minerals was much less complete than at present, men were admitted merely to the knowledge of the imperfect gems, and treasured therefore stones which, though very beautiful, are no longer among the highest prized. For emerald they had only malachite, for sapphires lapis-lazuli and jaspers; agates, carnelians, alabaster, onyx, and beryl all ranked as precious stones. Knowledge, however, advanced with science, and men found that the minerals they had thought so rare abounded in the secret treasure-houses of the rocks, and so from the crowns of princes these painted stones came to pave the palace floors, and instead of being held in reverence as mysterious substances armed with strange powers, were utilized for the adornment of household furniture. Arabesques of dainty minerals appeared on the temple walls of the East; and in costlier edifices of every nation the quasi-precious stones of former days lent their colors to give relief and grace to the severer beauties of architecture.

A new treasure-trove had, indeed, been discovered. Nature, it was found, had carried her chemistry further toward the perfection of hue and brilliancy than in her rock masses and pebbles; and so those stones, which to this day constitute the ideal standards of worth and beauty, came to be the supreme representatives of wealth.

But there are surprises yet in store for humanity, and one by one, it may be, the ruby, the emerald, and the rest will decline to the second rank, just as the onyx and the turquoise have already done, in the presence of farther revelations of the earth's crystals. Again and again, even within the present century, the gem markets have borne witness to sudden revolutions in fashion and unexpected change of taste; but these are to be traced to the fact of allied crystals having depreciated by their abundant appearance the worth of their nobler relatives. Diamonds are now all of one kind—a genus without species, a species without varieties—for though there are a dozen sorts, each differing from the other in beauty and value, the original diamond—of the pure water of the Brazilian or Eastern stone—still commands universal homage. If, however, the other varieties, which differ from their splendid prototype only microscopically, were any day to be made worthless by their profusion, the king of the gems itself would seem to dim in lustre. If nature, exasperated by the efforts of men, were, in revenge, to disclose to the prying pickaxe a solid rock of "Cape" diamond, or a lode of beryl-emerald, the markets for the true gems would be glutted with a jewel so near the truth that the truth itself would come to be held less precious.

Already the fanciful beauties and powers which our forefathers imputed to gems are obscured and discredited. What husband, suspecting an unfaithful wife, would nowadays smuggle emeralds into her food? what wife, seeking to redeem a drunken husband, would secrete amethysts in his liquor? or what mother, to preserve her children from the evil-eye, administers sapphires in the medicine of the nursery? The onyx has lost the latch-keys of the dream-gates, and no oracle now speaks from the opal. We shall have to look very long indeed into the aquamarina before we read another's thoughts in it; and the diamond sparkles as brightly for the knave as for the honest man. Eastern people still venerate, while they delight in, the quaint phantasies of the mineral world—the hieroglyphic agate and luck-assuring "cat's-eye," the ominous moonstone, the unlucky tourmaline, and the carbuncle all aglow with malignant fire. Does not Shesh administer justice to the snake world by the light of the great diamond on his throne? and what would Yama be without its kanthi-stone? The jewelled rocks of Ceylon contain within them a mythology of vastest extent and wildest exuberance, and the streams of Burmah are strewn with sapphires—white, blue, and black—and bastard rubies and mimic amethysts, to all of which attach the same superstitions and traditions that are claimed by the more splendid treasures of the Indian mountains and rivers. All the human affections and passions are under the influence of gems, and each gem has again its tutelary sprites who direct its powers for good or evil. From the cradle to the grave, in sickness or in health, in prosperity or adversity, the Oriental may take counsel of a jewel or seek its help, and no circumstance of his life is without its precedent of subjection to the potent agencies of the "precious stones."

In the West these supernatural potencies of the rarer minerals have been dispersed by ruthless chemistry. Men and women have grown out of the fancies that invested impossible substances with impossible influences. Who believes nowadays that serpents are blinded by emeralds, or that the blood red of the carbuncle will kindle into angry recognition of a murderer's presence? Science has discovered to us the true origin and nature of amber, and we no longer attribute to the coral the mystic properties our forefathers were familiar with. How many of my readers are acquainted with the virtues of the various bird-stones which a past superstition supposed to exist in the ætites, chelidone, halcyonite, or alectryon—the precious stones which the eagle, swallow, kingfisher, and cock were supposed to carry in their heads? or would any one go about now killing toads in the hope of finding bufonite inside their skulls? or sacrifice a horse to arrive at that philosopher's stone the rain-compelling yedh? Outside the nonsense pages, *vice versa*, the garuda-stone, the precious product of the vulture-king of the East, has no potentialities of transformation, at any rate for the Western world; and even Schamir, the wonder-working pebble found by Benaiah, the son of Jehoiada, in a moor-hen's nest, has no more credit with a nineteenth-century rabbi than the peep-stone crystals of Joseph Smith have with the Senator from Vermont. Newton has spoken profanely of the diamond as an "unctuous substance coagulated," and popularized science nowadays pretends to sneer at the glory of diadems as "only a form of charcoal, after all." Chemists set down on paper exactly how many acids and vapors acting upon how many salts and alkalies would produce (if the elements would lend all their aid in a supreme effort of creative force) a precious stone, but by their labored explanation they themselves bear witness to the dignity of the gems which they long to imitate.

New influences, moreover, have gathered round the royal crystals. While the emerald has disclosed to the inquirer after its composition a valuable fact of the action of gases, the diamond has lent itself to boring rocks. A hollow cylinder, edged with diamonds, and revolving rapidly, ate its way in a single hour through a rock which, by any other known means, it would have taken two days to pierce, and the diamonds that had done it were found to be absolutely unaltered by the tremendous friction—too proud, as it were, to confess even to the blunting of a single edge on their surface. But it is not for the chemical properties or their existence in human industries that precious stones will maintain their hold upon the imaginations of men. In the weakness of our nature we must have an ideal of beauty from which to deduce our standards of worth, and as yet we have found nothing to excel the colorless crystal we call a diamond. Ever since it was known to man it has reigned supreme over the fancy, and whatever the race, whether in the East or the West, the diamond has never been supplanted as the most beautiful thing vouchsafed to humanity. The historical gems—"the royal stones," as they are called—of exceptional size and fabulous value, do not alone claim this pre-eminence, for the smallest fragment that suffices to give a glimpse of the prismatic glories of the larger stones is treasured. With other gems size often—in emeralds in the East, notably—establishes a claim to value, but the diamond disdains honor for the mere material virtue of bulk. The boasted gem of the Borneo chief, three times the dimensions of the Koh-i-noor, collapsed on inspection to a third-rate stone. It had size and weight, and was certainly a diamond, but the stone had no soul. It was a dead diamond. If all crystals had been in the same way judged merely by color and magnitude, we should have had no lack of gems; but then neither beautiful legends nor the homage of men would have gathered round the exquisite things, and the mysterious depths of translucency, tones of pure color, and wondrous lustre would never have been known to us in the supreme combination of the perfect gem of modern days.

THE NEW ORLEANS LEVEES.

Our illustration on page 220 shows how New Orleans is protected by her gigantic levees against the danger of overflow from the river. These levees have a gradual slope toward the city, so that the drays can be driven directly to the water's edge for the purpose of loading or unloading the ships and steamboats that lie alongside.

FOR THE OHIO SUFFERERS.

On the 17th ult. the citizens of Sedgwick County, Kansas, dispatched from the town of Winchester a train of thirty-one freight cars, loaded with grain, to the relief of the sufferers by the floods in the valley of the Ohio. The cars were rudely but effectively decorated with designs in color, some of which are shown in our illustration on page 224. The citizens of Ohio contributed largely to the relief of their Kansas brethren during the drought of 1874, and their generous gifts are now returned with interest.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

In the House of Representatives, a few days ago, Mr. Long, of Massachusetts, characterized whiskey as "the dynamite of human civilization." Certainly it is largely used for making bombs—though the name of the product is usually spelled the other way—and the chief demand for it comes from the same race that is trying to do harm with the other kind of dynamite.

There are said to be some three hundred Buddhists in Paris. They have taken steps toward the building of a temple. The faith came to them not directly from the East, but by way of London, where it has been rather fashionable for some time.

Here is a story about Jumbo which may contain a hint that will be prized by persons who wish to show that mountain of amiableness some delicate evidences of their regard: When Superintendent Tallett, R.S.P.C.A., was on duty at the London Zoological Gardens during the preparations for Jumbo's departure for America, an old lady came very early in the morning, bringing the elephant some hot-house grapes, raisins, apples, oranges, and other things which she thought would be acceptable to him, all in a nice basket tied up with ribbons. Before he had more than tasted of the fruit the grateful creature seized the basket and devoured it, ribbons and all, greatly to the old lady's disappointment. Mr. Tallett explained that the basket was quite like his natural diet of twigs and that sort of food, and the old lady appealed to him to tell her of something which the good elephant would prize as a real treat before starting for the strange country across the sea. After running over a list of delicacies in his mind, Mr. Tallett replied that some old birch brooms would undoubtedly prove acceptable morsels. The old lady drove sadly away, and did not return.

A Philadelphia boy tied turkey wings to his little sister's arms, fastened an old umbrella over her, and started her from a second-story balcony. While the doctors were putting her in splints the ingenious urchin explained that the invention would have proved a success if the little girl had only flapped her wings. The boy should be taken into partnership by Keely, not so much for his inventive genius as for his cheerfulness in the presence of doubters.

Toward the close of the performance in the Metropolitan Opera-house a few evenings ago a person arose in his seat, faced one of the parterre boxes, and said: "Will the ladies and gentlemen in that box be kind enough to keep quiet, so that those who desire to hear the opera may do so?" A storm of applause swept over the house, there was no further interruption of the performance, and when the curtain had fallen many persons waited to grasp the hand of the stranger who had spoken out. It is understood that he is a mere attorney, who went to the opera-house with the mercenary idea of getting the worth of his money, and it seems that the thousands who applauded are of equally low breeding. What do these persons think opera was invented for, anyhow?

A new Chinese question has arisen. It seems that dried lizards are imported from China to be used in the preparation of certain Chinese medicines. The Collector of Customs in San Francisco is in doubt as to the proper classification of these desiccated reptiles, and has asked the Secretary of the Treasury for information. It is claimed by the importer that the lizards should be admitted as "dried insects," but a lizard is no more an insect than a crocodile is. The matter will probably be laid before the savants of the Smithsonian Institution.

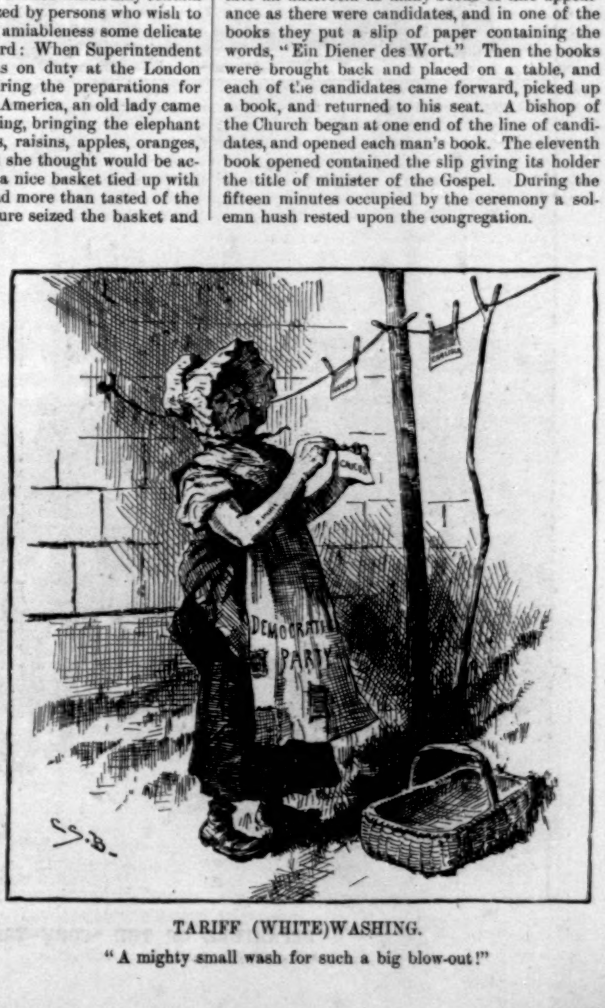
The Democratic party seems to be improving. In former years it has lost its chances of success by unanimously blundering on to the wrong side of questions. This year it has blundered into a disagreement which makes it impossible for all the party to be on the wrong side. Thus the present dilemma really contains something for Democrats to be thankful for. The fact, however, that Democratic blunders are invariably sufficient to insure defeat is what makes them characteristic and distinctive.

The London *Lancet* (medical) advises Mr. Gladstone to take a peerage.

In a Tennessee jail one of the prisoners held the jailer while two other prisoners escaped. Then the first prisoner let the jailer fall on the floor, and hurried along to hold any others of the authorities that the fugitives might happen upon.

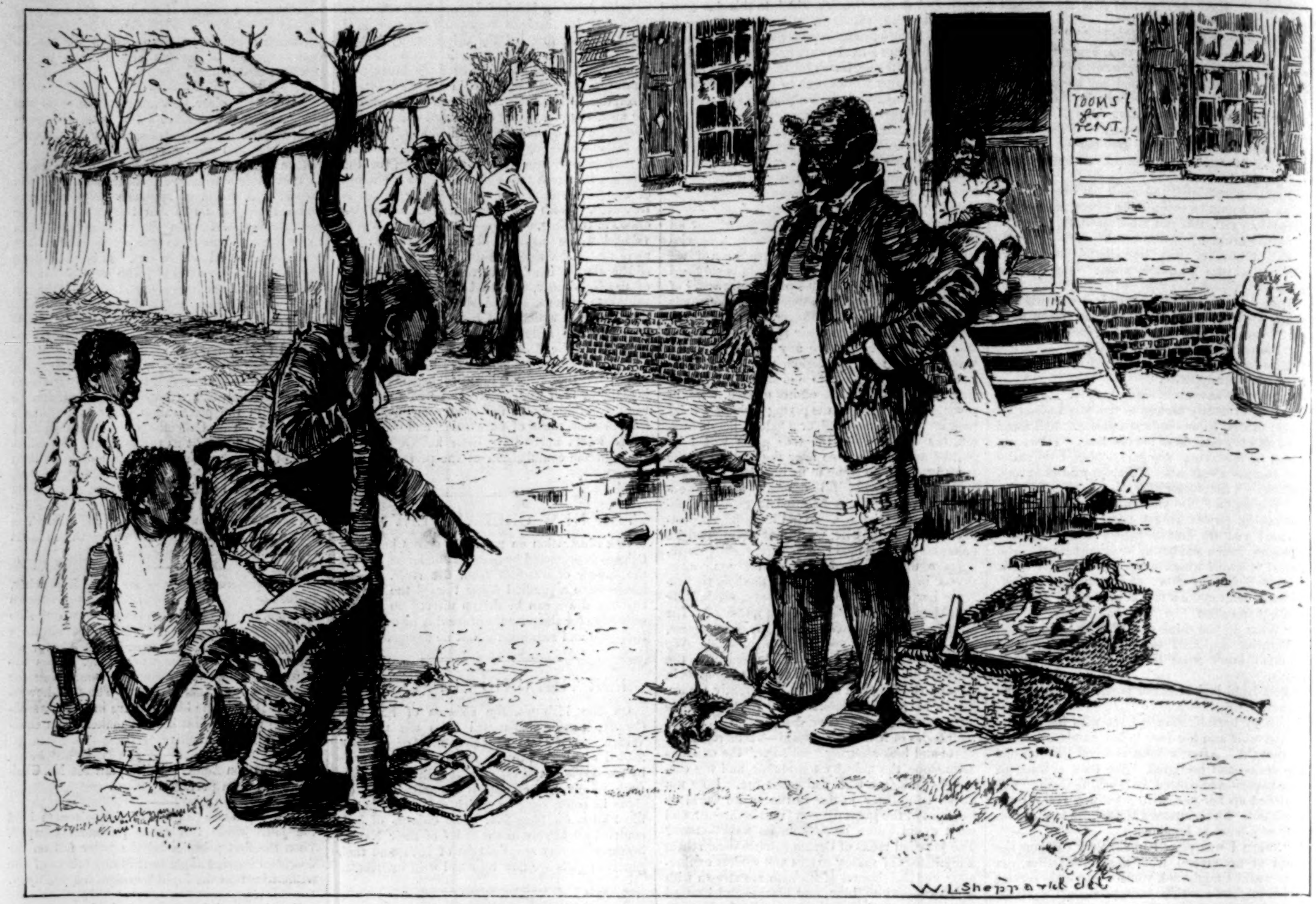
The irony of fate, imbittered almost beyond parallel, was illustrated recently at Nantucket. In the waters off the south side of the island a monster whale was sporting. He blew the water high into the air, and with his tail he lashed the brine almost into the eyes of the old whalemen on shore. But alas! there was no whaling gear on Nantucket.

The irreligious might have called it a raffle for a preacher, but it was carried out with exceeding solemnity, and beyond question with the deepest religious feeling. It was the selection of a pastor according to the method of those plain and earnest Christians, the Mennonites, in a Pennsylvania town. The church was thronged. There were twenty candidates for the ministry. At the conclusion of the sermon three ministers carried into an anteroom as many books of like appearance as there were candidates, and in one of the books they put a slip of paper containing the words, "Ein Diener des Wort." Then the books were brought back and placed on a table, and each of the candidates came forward, picked up a book, and returned to his seat. A bishop of the Church began at one end of the line of candidates, and opened each man's book. The eleventh book opened contained the slip giving its holder the title of minister of the Gospel. During the fifteen minutes occupied by the ceremony a solemn hush rested upon the congregation.



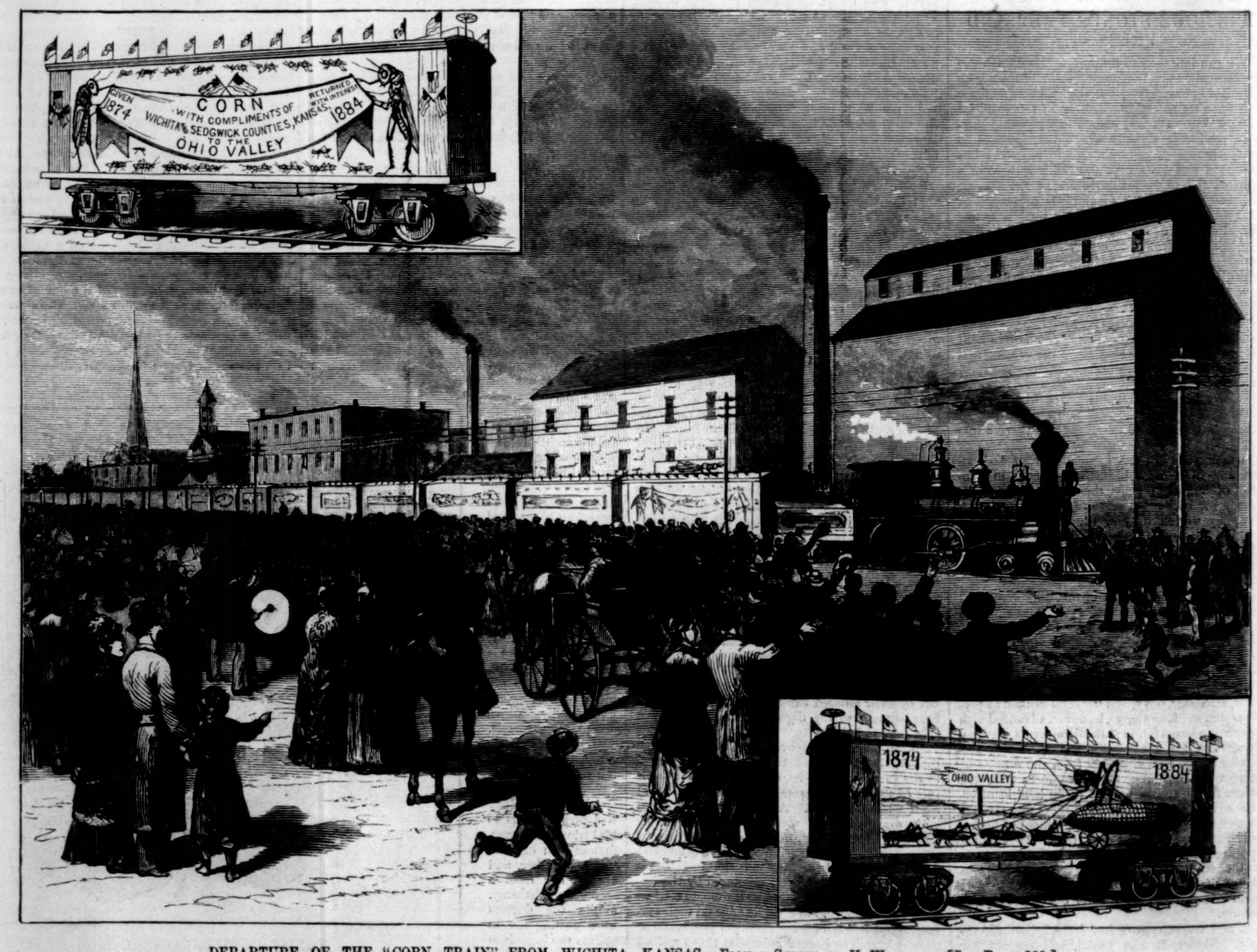
TARIFF (WHITE)WASHING.

"A mighty small wash for such a big blow-out!"


ROOMS for RENT.
W. L. Sheppard del.

UNCLE ABRAM MAKES A DISCOVERY AND HEARS A VOICE.

"April fool, Unc' Abum!"
"G'long, goof'nut'n trash, you's a fool ev'y minnit in de year!"

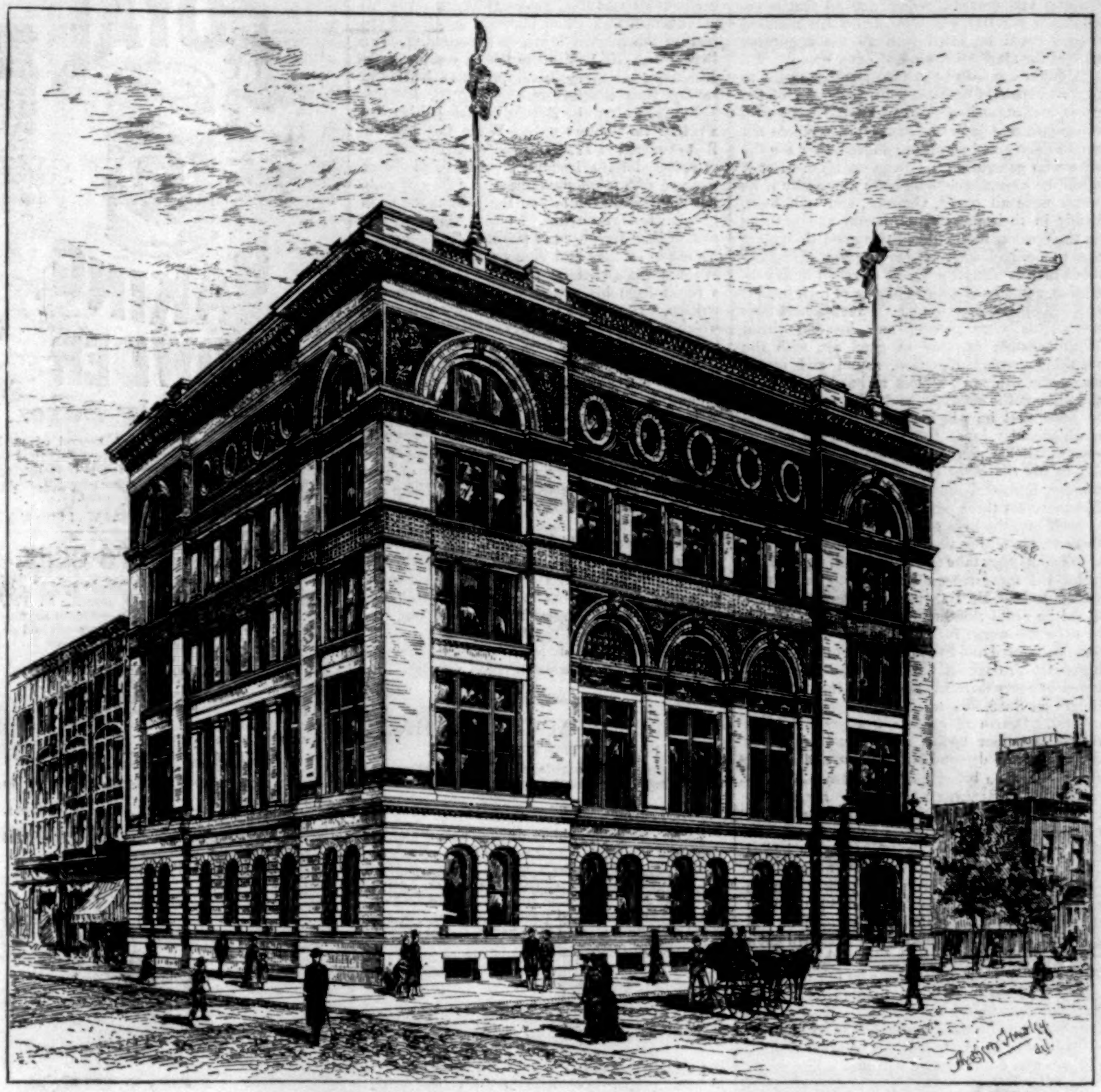

GIVEN 1874
CORN WITH COMPLIMENTS OF WICHITA & SEDGWICK COUNTIES, KANSAS, TO THE OHIO VALLEY
RETURNED WITH INTEREST 1884
1874
OHIO VALLEY
1884

DEPARTURE OF THE "CORN TRAIN" FROM WICHITA, KANSAS.—From a Sketch by H. Worrall.—[See Page 223.]

THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB HOUSE.

It is remarkable that most of our large cities have as yet nothing worthy of the name of a first-class gymnasium, roomy, airy, and well appointed, and provided with a judicious and competent director. And this is the more strange when such an institution would pay so handsomely, as Dr. **Sargent** (now of the Hemenway Gymnasium at Harvard) proved so conclusively in the few months he directed the Fifth Avenue Gymnasium in New York. The polo grounds, the grounds of the Manhattan and a few other athletic clubs, with their vacant lots and temporary sheds, and a cluster of passable-looking boat-houses by the Harlem, do something for the New York youth actively inclined. But these are closed many months in the year, and are of no use in the evenings, the only time when most young men can get away from work. The principal gymnasium in New York to-day is down in a cellar, and so shut in by buildings that the sun has to make violent effort to get in at all, while the accommodations are indifferent—nothing to what they should be. Boston, with her Young Men's Christian Union Gymnasium, and the new one of the Young Men's Christian Association, is far better off, though hopelessly behind where she will probably be twenty years hence. It is not too much to say that attractive and well-equipped gymnasia scattered through the wards of our cities, and made convenient to all, would, if well managed and well led, not only pay roundly in money, but would save many youth from moral and physical ruin, whose evenings are now spent in wasting their strength instead of recruiting it.

There is that, too, about several hundred young men neatly clad in light exercising costume, and going through a wide variety of exercise, athletic, gymnastic, and acrobatic, in a room broad, bright, and comfortable, which itself tends to fascinate, and to make one feel, no matter how old he is, like getting off his coat and vest and going to work. Whoever happens into the Hemenway Gymnasium at five o'clock any afternoon during term-time can not fail to be impressed with this; nor is it odd that, commodious as that massive building is, the report of the second winter meeting of the Harvard Athletic Association in it the other day said that "the audience, which completely packed the building, contained a large proportion of ladies."


THE BUILDING FOR THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB.—Charles W. Clinton, Architect.

One of our oldest and most prosperous athletic clubs, one of national reputation—the New York Athletic—aware from long experience of the need of better accommodations, is erecting at the southwest corner of Sixth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street, in this city, a building solely for club purposes. As will be seen, it is four stories high, and in the style of the Italian Renaissance, extending seventy-five feet on Sixth Avenue, and ninety-five on Fifty-fifth Street. The material is Colabaugh brick with terra-cotta trimmings. The entrance porch, which is on Fifty-fifth Street, is of red granite, with polished shafts to columns, and alternate stories of polished pilasters. Stout brick walls, cast-iron columns, rolled-iron girders, and heavy beams render the building durable and almost fire-proof.

The basement, which is ten feet six inches between joints, contains six bowling-alleys, the two next the side street being partitioned off from the others to be used privately on occasion, and to be accessible from a private entrance. There is also a shooting-range under the Fifty-fifth Street sidewalk, and a laundry, boilers, coal, etc., under that on Sixth Avenue.

Of the first story, which is thirteen feet high, a large space—sixty-six feet by twenty—is occupied by a swimming-bath. There is also a Turco-Russian bath, with hot water, steam, and the usual appliances for scrubbing, cooling, and rubbing, and with dressing and lounging rooms. The office and committee-room are also on this floor.

The second story has the reception hall, parlor, reading-room, billiard-rooms, public and private, the restaurant, and the serving-rooms attached.

The next floor contains a thousand lockers, a lavatory, water-closets, douche-room, reception and sparring rooms, all to be used in connection with the gymnasium.

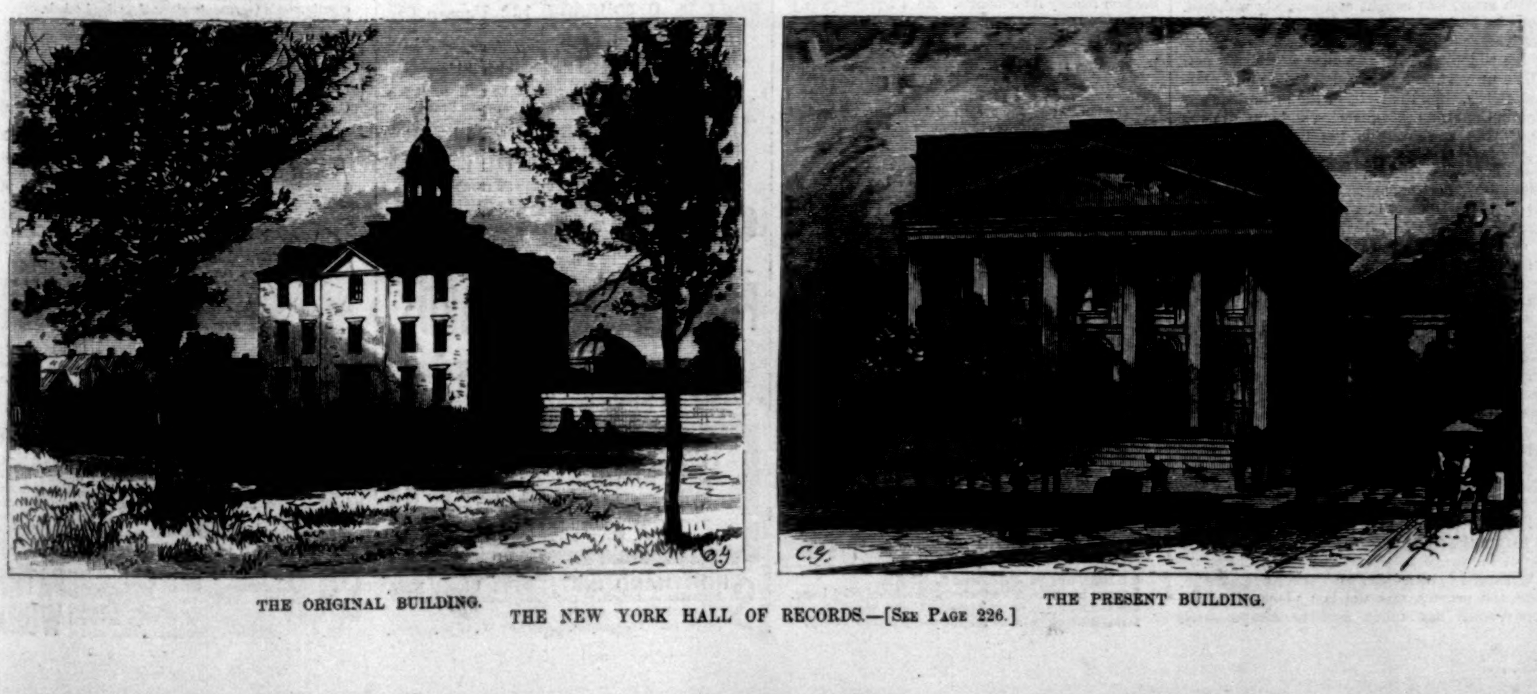
The fourth or principal floor of the house is very high and airy, being twenty-two feet to the ceiling. Its entire area is to be occupied by the gymnasium, fitted with the most approved appliances, care being taken to omit much of the useless lumber which so hampered the gymnasia of the past. Ample light will pour in from the many side windows and a great skylight. This apartment will be reached by the main stairs and by a private fire-proof staircase.

Twelve feet and a half above this floor a balcony six feet wide is to run clear around the hall, like that at Harvard, and is, like that, to be used exclusively as a running track. It will be supported from the roof timbers by suspension rods. The track will be of about twenty-two laps to the mile. Janitor's apartments and the kitchen will occupy a small superstructure on the roof.

The rooms will be finished in ash, cherry, and Georgia pine. The swimming-bath and the rooms of the Turco-Russian bath are to have tiled floors, faced with enamelled brick and tiles. **Charles W. Clinton** is the architect. The building is to cost two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and to be finished on the 1st of November next. The club is in a highly flourishing condition, having a present membership of fifteen hundred, with three hundred more knocking for admission. **William R. Travers** is the President. The initiation fee is fifty dollars, and the annual due thirty dollars.

It will thus be seen that this large and prosperous club will have one of the most attractive gymnastic club buildings in the world, easy of access to much of the city by two of the elevated roads, in the wealthier quarter, and near the Central Park. Everything which experience and thought can suggest and money provide to each member of the club in a first-class gymnasium is here.

At present 1500 will enjoy it; ten years hence, perhaps 3000. But what of the other hundred thousand youth in this great city who need it as much, or even more? Anchored all day behind bench, desk, or counter, frequently in rooms poorly lit and poorly ventilated, not breathing one full breath perhaps in twenty-four hours, often not walking even two miles in a day, or even able to, riding to and from work in cars where, as in the Third Avenue line at six o'clock in the afternoon, the air is often positively foul—where are all these to get capacious lungs, sound vitality, pure blood, and all else that keeps away sickness, and brings buoyancy of spirit and the feeling of equality to whatever one may have to do? Well, but most of these can not afford to pay thirty dollars a year besides the endless demand they already have for each hard-earned dollar. High as the price may seem, can they not really afford to if by so doing they are led into habits which build health and vigor, and send them to their work hale and in fine condition, instead of too often half-built, half-hearted, and fearing that they will soon join the prematurely gray army so numerous in our cities, about whom **Herbert Spencer** had so much to say in his late visit to our land. Ninety-two million people use the elevated railroads each year. But ten cents a day means more than thirty dollars a year, and it would be a downright blessing to the vast majority of our citizens if they saved half that thirty dollars and spent the other half on good shoe leather. And need it cost so much? This building is elaborate and luxurious, while the practical part of it should be had, tidy, roomy, and comfortable, for a third of the outlay by each member. **Archibald Maclaren**, of the Oxford University Gymnasium, says that a gymnasium eighty by forty feet should accommodate a thousand men. There are many halls in our cities fifty by one hundred feet in buildings con-



THE ORIGINAL BUILDING. THE PRESENT BUILDING.

THE NEW YORK HALL OF RECORDS.—[See Page 226.]

venient of access, and having ample room for bathing and dressing rooms, and all that is necessary to comfort, which for a very few hundred dollars could be fitted with all the apparatus needed for almost any kind of exercise.

A dollar a month from each member ought to pay all expenses of rent, light, fuel, care of the place, and, most important of all, the salary of a competent and judicious instructor. We do not need athletes and acrobats; indeed, they are the ones who generally need exercise least. But it would be a measureless blessing to any city if its youth were all sound, vigorous, and well built, handy in their movements, hearty and untiring at their work, aware that these good things are not to be had without working for them, any more than is mental progress or result in any direction, acquainted with right care of their bodies, and willing and glad to give the really short time needed daily to getting and keeping them. With sensible exercise in good air, with the resulting perfect digestion, sound and ample sleep, one can work almost as hard as he likes throughout the daylight, and have good ground to hope that he will come up to his seventy-ninth birthday in as full vigor and the possession of all his powers as David Dudley Field did to his the other day, as that other tireless worker, Ericsson, did two years earlier, or as Bancroft did three years earlier yet.

Look into the lives of these men, and you find them to-day taking their vigorous daily exercise as surely as they take their breakfast, and taking it for the same reason we urge it—because it pays. Indeed, Mr. Bancroft said recently he believed he could ride horseback a whole day and be none the worse for it. The rules these men have discovered and lived up to we want scattered broadcast throughout our land, known and followed by every man, woman, and child whose life is now confined, sedentary, and consequently unnatural. Dearth of capable teachers who shall rightly train our bodies there certainly is, but once make the demand sharp, clear, and strong, and it will soon breed good teachers. A thousand men like Sargent could in a year train millions, and with as gratifying results as have marked his recent years. Meanwhile secure if possible the preliminary medical examination he insists on to see where one is weak, if anywhere. Let the earlier days be spent in strengthening up the weak and undeveloped parts, then divide the day's exercise equally among all parts, and the man will soon find how to become well built, and will get a welcome strength and heartiness to which he has till now been a stranger. He who faithfully devotes a while daily to any study expects to get on at it long even before a year is out. He who uses daily and equally well-chosen means to improve his body may as surely look for pleasant results, and she who does likewise will find a like gratifying effect in her case, as not a few of our more favored young ladies have already proved, and are still proving daily.

William Blaikie.

A CITY LANDMARK GOING.

To make room for the New York approach to the Brooklyn Bridge, the Hall of Records in the Park must soon be torn down. The old building has an interesting history, especially in connection with the war for independence. It was built in 1757–8 for a common jail. It was of stone, three stories high, about sixty by fifty feet, with a diagonal roof running to a peak, and crowned with a cupola, in which there was a bell for fire and other alarms. West of the jail, on the site of the present City Hall, was the almshouse, and after the Revolution another prison—the Bridewell—was put up between the almshouse and Broadway. When the jail (Hall of Records) was finished, the stocks, pillory, whipping-post, and cage were set up in front of it, and in the rear was the gallows.

During the British occupation the jail was used for "the provost," or military prison, where rebel soldiers and civilians were confined and inhumanly treated. The keeper was an Irishman named William Cunningham, with the rank of Provost-Marshal. It is said that in some of the many petty conflicts between the Sons of Liberty and the loyalists concerning the liberty-pole so often set up in the Park and so often cut down this Cunningham, who was then a sergeant in the British army, was caught and severely whipped. When he had an opportunity, as the chief jailer over American prisoners, he took ample revenge for his whipping. An eye-witness says the new jail, or provost, was destined for the more notorious rebels. On the right of the main door was Captain Cunningham's quarters, and opposite was the guard-room. Within the first barrier was Sergeant O'Keefe's apartment, and sentinels were posted everywhere. One room, used by the more distinguished prisoners, such as Ethan Allen, was derisively named Congress Hall. Prisoners were so closely packed that, when weary of lying on one side on the bare floors, they turned by squads to the command, "Right—left." Cunningham stole or destroyed the luxuries sent to prisoners by outside friends, and mocked at the protests of his victims. He would parade the prisoners to show his power, and point out to his friends this or that one as "the infernal rebel," etc. One of his characteristic outrages was at the execution of Captain Nathan Hale (though he was not his jailer). Hale was hung from a tree on Beeckman Hill (about Fifty-first Street and East River), Lord Howe having his quarters in the Beeckman mansion. Hale was refused a minister, refused a Bible, or time to pray; but he had written letters to his mother, his sister, and his sweetheart, and those letters were torn up before the writer's eyes by the infamous captain of the provost.

When the British left New York, November 25, 1783, the provost was the last place given up. Cunningham had taken care to escape early, leaving O'Keefe in charge. As the Americans came down Chatham Street, O'Keefe threw his great bunch of keys on the floor, and joined the rear of the English army, then marching down Broadway. He left in the jail only a few petty criminals; all the political prisoners had been set free some time before.

Not long after the Revolution the jail became a prison for debtors only. When the Doctors' Riot occurred in 1778, this jail served as a place of refuge for the hospital physicians, who were pursued with murderous intent by a furious mob. For many years the bell on the jail was the main reliance for fire alarms. In 1827 Governor Ogden, of New Jersey, was a prisoner for debt; and while the soldiers and citizens were celebrating Washington's birthday the irate Governor held a scroll from his grated window on which was written, "Blood and thunder! is this Liberty?" which secured for him hearty cheers, and a futile proposition to set him free.

About fifty years ago the columns at either end (now standing) and the broad steps were added, and the cupola removed. With the abolition of imprisonment for debt the edifice was taken for public offices, and within a few years was occupied solely by the Register, or keeper of titles to and transfers and mortgages of real estate, and of late chattel mortgages. There are several thousand volumes of these records, beginning (in Dutch) about 240 years ago. The last "improvement" made to the old building was done in Tweed's days by Andy Garvey, who put on a useless upper story, or half-story, and a very poor tin roof; but the perfectly good copper roof, which had served for many years, was stolen. The original building was very substantial, and the stone floor is now, after the wear of seven generations, almost as good as when first laid down.

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PROPOSALS FOR PURCHASE OF VESSELS.

NAVY DEPARTMENT,
Washington, *March* 1, 1884.

In accordance with the provisions of the 5th section of the act of Congress making appropriations to supply deficiencies approved March 3, 1883, sealed proposals will be received at the Navy Department until noon on Saturday, May 3, 1884, at which time and place they will be opened, for the purchase of certain vessels which have been stricken from the Navy Register, under authority of an act of Congress approved August 5, 1882, and which it is deemed for the best interests of the United States to sell.

The vessels offered, their appraised value and their locality, are the Niagara, at Boston, Mass., $24,200; Florida, at New London, Conn., $52,700; Colorado $34,700, and Ticonderoga $24,900, at New York; Supply $800, at League Island, Penn.; Pawnee $5,200, at Port Royal, S. C.; Benicia $14,000, and Cyane $12,000, at Mare Island, Cal.

Proposals must be submitted in a sealed envelope, addressed to the Secretary of the Navy, Washington, D. C., and endorsed "proposals for the purchase of vessels," so as to distinguish them from other communications. No offer for more than one vessel should be included within one proposal.

The vessels will be sold, for cash, to the person or persons, or corporation or corporations, offering the highest prices therefor above the appraised value thereof. Each bid or proposal must be accompanied by a deposit in cash (or satisfactory certified check) of not less than ten per cent. of the amount of the offer or proposal, and also a bond with a penal sum equal to the whole amount of the offer, with two or more sureties, to be approved by the Secretary of the Navy, conditioned for the payment of the remaining ninety per cent. of the amount of such offer or proposal within thirty days from the date of its acceptance. In case default is made in the payment of the remaining ninety per cent., or any part thereof, within that time, said cash deposit of ten per cent. shall be considered as forfeited to the Government, and shall be applied as directed in the act of March 3, 1883. All deposits and bonds of bidders, whose proposals shall not be accepted, will be returned to them within seven days after the opening of the proposals.

On application to the Department, a printed list will be furnished, giving general information concerning the vessels; also forms of bids and bonds which must be used by bidders. The vessels can be examined at any time by applying to the Commandants of the Navy Yards.

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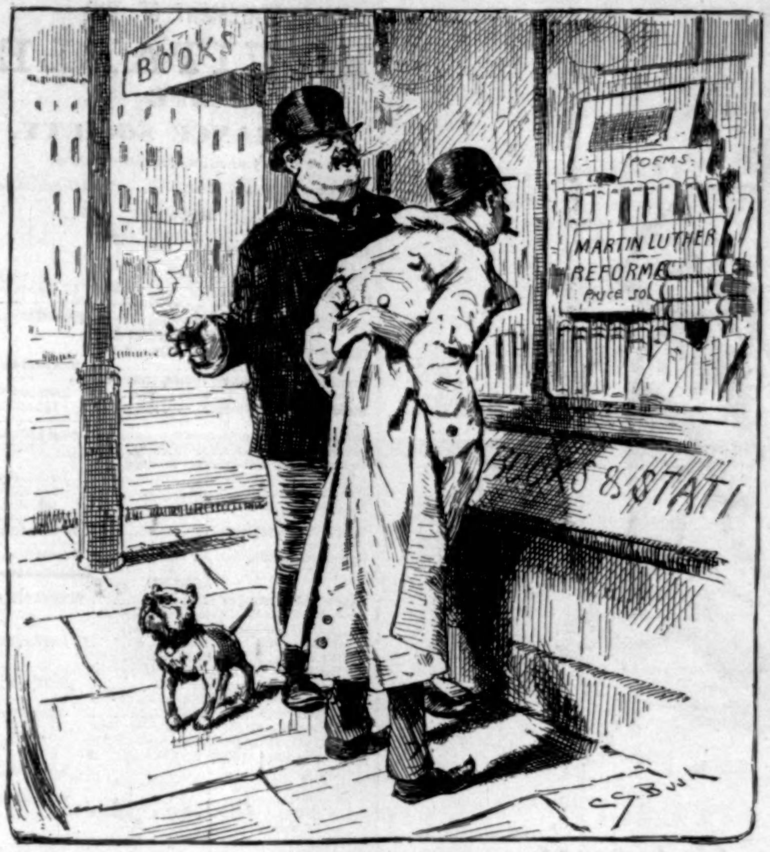

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